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R E M A R K S

MADE IN A

T O U R

FROM

LONDON TO THE LAKES

OF

WESTMORELAND AND CUMBERLAND,

IN THE SUMMER OF M,DCC,XCI.

ORIGINALLY PUBLISHED IN THE

WHITEHALL EVENING POST,

AND NOW

REPRINTED WITH ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

TO WHICH IS ANNEXED, A

S K E T C H

OF THE

POLICE, RELIGION, ARTS, AND AGRICULTURE

OF

F R A N C E,

MADE IN AN

EXCURSION TO PARIS IN M,DCC,LXXXV.

By A. WALKER,

LECTURER IN EXPERIMENTAL PHILOSOPHY; AND
AUTHOR OF "IDEAS SUGGESTED ON THE SPOT
IN A TOUR TO ITALY," &c.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR G. NICOL, BOOKSELLER TO HIS MAJESTY,
PALL-MALL; AND C. DILLY IN THE POULTRY.

M,DCC,XCII.

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IN THE SUMMER OF 1800, &c.

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OF



EXCURSION TO THE LAKES

By A. W. WALL, Esq.

Author of 'Excursion to the Lakes of Scotland, &c.'

Printed by W. H. WALL, 10, Pall Mall, London.

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IT is generally supposed, that Remarks written on the Spot must proceed more warm from the Heart, and more clear from the Head, than those digested in the Closet from Notes. I think with ROUSSEAU, that there is but one way of Travelling more pleasant than riding on horseback, and that is on foot; for then I can turn to the right and to the left---I can stop at every point of view, and examine every thing that strikes me---Lie down on the top of an Hill, and paint the Land-

A

scape

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fcape with my Pen---Coast along the
fide of a River, or cool myself in the
fhade of an hanging Wood :---I enter
Grottos and Quarries, and examine
their Strata :---The Fields revive my
affection for Agriculture; and the
Rocks and Mountains afford me
Foffils.---Am I overtaken by a shower?
I explore the Cottage, and defcant on
the various conditions of Mankind: I
fee there that Happinefs has little to do
with Human Syftems;---that the feli-
cities of the Human Race was an object
of too much importance in the eyes of
OUR BENEVOLENT CREATOR to be left to
the caprice of fituation;---that Custom
and Habit put the Rich and Poor upon
a level;---that weak pleasures become
ftronger

ADVERTISEMENT.

stronger by custom, while voluptuous pleasures lose ground by satiety ;--- and that the goods of fortune are not unequally distributed, the opulent only possessing what others enjoy.

THIS is my Mode of Travelling and Reflecting :---A Stone is my Desk--- Nature is the Book I copy---a little Red Book and a Two-penny Inkhorn the Apparatus. What I feel I write, nor can I think of *revision* or *correction*.

SUCH, oh Reader ! is the trifle thou art about to read---a work I promise thee not to build a reputation upon.

George-Street, Hanover-Square, JUNE 4, 1792.

A. WALKER.

ADVERTISEMENT.

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pleasing to the eye, & by the
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A Student of Nature, in these I fashion
the about to read—A work of
these not to build a philosophy
and not to build a system of
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George Street, London.
Linnæus and the great naturalists
and the great naturalists
and the great naturalists
and the great naturalists

OBSERVATIONS,
NATURAL, OECONOMICAL, and LITERARY,
MADE IN A
T O U R
FROM
LONDON TO THE LAKES,
IN THE SUMMER OF 1791.

L E T T E R I.

DEAR SIR, **OXFORD, JULY 13.**

A GREEABLY to my promise, I shall send you an account of my Tour to the Lakes of WESTMORELAND and CUMBERLAND; though I fear, if nothing better offers than has this day, my correspondence will not be much worth your cultivation.

THROUGH the level well-known road to UXBRIDGE, nothing struck me but the cracks in the ground occasioned by the late dry

B

weather—

weather—the clay seems dried to a brick; and how the poor corn can push its roots through such a substance is above my comprehension! The power of vegetable life, I know, is prodigious, as I have known the side of a house damaged by the root of a tree; and the efforts which vegetables will make for a subsistence is almost equal to the sagacity of animals. A striking instance of this I saw in a wood near the beautiful seat of SIR JOHN DASHWOOD, at WEST-WYCOMBE. Here the road was cut so deep, that the roots of the trees stuck through the overhanging soil into the air on each side of the road. Trees left in such distressing circumstances had need of every effort: accordingly, the roots had shot out long fibres to catch the soil below, and numbers had been successful. This I call the instinct of plants; and the manner in which *tendrils* will lean towards a support—the manner in which *flowers* turn themselves towards the sun, and shut themselves from the rain—the manner in which *branches* shoot towards the open side of a wood, and many other circumstances, prove indisputably that there is an instinct in vegetables.

BUT

BUT to return—After crossing the watery vale of UXBRIDGE, we enter a fine diversity of country; hill and dale, wood and water alternately solicit with novelty. The wood-topped hills relieve the vallies; and high-dressed pleasure-grounds contrast with well-cultivated farms. In this fine range of hills (running from MAIDENHEAD-THICKET through the long county of BUCKS) are situated many elegant seats. We passed one belonging to the DUKE OF PORTLAND, whose park encloses several of those hills, all clothed with wood in a stile worthy the celebrated BROWN. The mottled deer and large cattle demonstrate the goodness of the soil, as well as the smooth verdure of the vallies. My black mirror presented me with many beautiful landscapes in this park, that a CLAUDE might not have disdained to copy.

WEST-WYCOMBE, the tasteful seat of SIR JOHN DASHWOOD, next attracted our attention. Nature has done much here, and art more; but, alas! the pleasure of seeing such-luxurious scenes is much chastised by the neglect we see on all sides and in all parts

of this elegant retreat. Neither art nor nature will remain perfect without the pruning hand of taste and industry : yet is the taste of the founder of this delicious place still evident, even in its tendency to ruin. The half-hid façade on the hill—the clumps on its sides—its lawns speckled with sheep—the luxurious feathering of the trees, clustering in some places into dark recesses, in others scattered over the smooth slopes, and bellying into the serpentine elegancies of HOGARTH'S line of beauty—these beauties are not yet defaced, nor can they be forgot while the prints of this sweet place shall exist!

LIKE the devices we read of in SIR WILLIAM CHAMBERS'S *Oriental Gardening*, we experience light and shade in making our way into and out of woods of lime-trees, till we arrive in one so thick, dark, and long, that the mind is apt to picture the spreading arms of trees into the arms and legs of desperate assassins or lurking banditti!—when all at once the scene opens into a wide plain, too extended to see it terminate, but
with

with the sky. This beheld from the top of STOKEN-CHURCH-HILL (the verge of that range just mentioned) fills the mind like the ocean seen from a promontory !

Now the scene changes from the SYLVAN to the rich domain of CERES. The land is but a thin mantle, covering a bed of chalk, but finely pulverized by the hand of industry. After some time it changes to a clay, and near Oxford the clay hardens into a thin, laminated, crumbly stone, inclosing many marine productions, particularly the *Nautilus*, and *Cornu Ammonis*. Attention to these is now drawn off by the domes and spires of OXFORD. The turrets multiply into a coraline wood, and, mixing with the tall trees of the gardens, form a view totally unlike any town in the three kingdoms.

THE entrance is stately, over a bridge of beautiful architecture. Magdalen's "learned Grove," as POPE calls it, gives a pleasing obscurity to the Gothic and Grecian architecture of that College ; and to the left you have a view of the stately entrance to the Physick Gardens, now kept in excellent

order, and greatly improved under the care and skill of Dr. SIBTHORPE; and the High-street is the most picturesque of all the streets I ever beheld!

THE tour of the Colleges has been so often wrote, and so often read, that fear little information could flow from my pen on that head.

LET-

LETTER H.

DEAR SIR,

OXFORD, JULY 15.

I CANNOT pass through Oxford without a few remarks upon the progress of the Arts in this antient University. The SCULPTURE of the older Colleges exhibits the gross taste of our ancestors in both a clumsy and a ludicrous light. The statues are misshapen—the altos coarse and ill-defined—and the grimaces ludicrous, obscene, and void of fancy! About the reign of the First James, a glimpse had been obtained of Grecian Architecture, and it is curious to observe how it began to interweave itself with the taste of that period, as many of the tall gate-ways of the Colleges prove; where, in imitation of what had been seen at Rome, the Doric sustains the bottom story, then follows the Ionic, next the Corinthian, and last or uppermost the Composite; and yet these are interlarded with Gothic or more rude ornaments, and make a motley medley of all kinds of architecture, particularly at Christ Church,

where the venerable and the splendid are contrasted in the antique façade and the new square called Peckwater. At last, however, the Grecian has prevailed, and many most elegant specimens are to be seen in Oxford. This must not be considered as universal. Many judicious conformities are made, and are now making, to the genius of the Gothic buildings in their repairs or additions; some of these (of artificial stone) exceed the laboured originals.

— **PAINTING** has also stepped forward by gradations very similar. The stiff broad-shouldered patriots of the fifteenth century—the legendary incidents that impudently assumed the name of History in that period, have gradually given way to good sense and nature; and instead of distorted figures covered with glaring colours in their windows, we see a **NATIVITY** by **JERVAIS** equal (perhaps superior in effect) to any on canvas.

MUSIC has still made further strides towards perfection. Vulgar annual songs were once considered as almost a part of the institution. **HANDEL**'s portrait is now to be seen
among

among the sages of the BODLEIAN repository, and his music is enjoyed, well understood, and even performed by thousands of the University! Can any thing exhibit the improved taste in that divine science so justly, as the degree just given to the modest HAYDN by the University?—this musical SHAKESPEARE, this musical Drawcansir, who can equal the strains of a Cherub, and enchant in all the gradations between those and a ballad—a genius whose versatility comprehends all the powers of harmony! and all the energy, pathos, and passion of melody!---who can stun with thunder, or warble with a bird!---For the honour of the University be it known, that this honour was conferred without form of examination, and indeed such transcendent merit deserved the liberal compliment in the way it was conferred.

Would to God I could say as much for the science I love!---Must ASTRONOMY, which recognizes the whole universe, be more limited in the liberality of its Professors than the sensual Arts? How much do I pity the smallest retainer to that first of human attainments who can be influenced by collegiate

giate pride, or the dark seclusions of a Monk ! No more--I scorn to be a second time denied the sight of an OBSERVATORY by excuses, let them be ever so plausible. This seems much of a piece with that fordid spirit which has so long kept the valuable Observations of Dr. BRADLEY from public inspection, and thereby deprived Astronomy, Geography, and Navigation of such helps as, with the later Observations, would have rendered those sciences perfect.

POLITENESS, however, is not wanting at Oxford in general. A cluster of acquaintances accompanied me to see every thing rare or extraordinary, and there was much to see ! Much indeed I had seen before, but the inquisitive can never exhaust variety in this City.

CHRIST BEARING HIS CROSS (said to be by GUIDO), in Magdalen College, is an expressive figure, characteristic of his divinity and passion, stooping under a bodily and mental burthen, his depressed countenance still more depressed by the bloody sweat : pity, indeed, is not much excited by the crown of thorns, it

it seems to fit the head so very well. The other victims and the guards are at such a distance, that Christ might have escaped, if it had not been necessary to universal salvation that he should be crucified.

CHRIST REPROVING THE WOMAN, by MENGs, is a tolerable specimen of the works of that Artist, though much inferior to many of his in Rome.

THE two candlesticks of eight feet high (the parts dug out of the ruins of ADRIAN'S Villa near Tivoli) in the RADCLIFFE LIBRARY, are fine specimens of antient art, and almost equal to those in the Vatican.

JUDGE BLACKSTONE, by BACON, in the Hall of All Souls, of which he was a shining ornament, is a masterly statue---though a Judge's robes look not so well in marble as the *toga* of the Romans.

GARDENS here are in various styles; and as their size could not admit of much variety *singly*, the *general* variety compensates more than sufficiently, for no two are alike. Here are excellent specimens of English, French, Italian,

Italian, and even Spanish Gardening. The sequestered villa certainly claims peculiar propriety here, though fashion pronounces it formal and unnatural. Be it so; yet I am Goth enough to think "Magdalen's learned Grove," and the serpentine walk along the meadow on the banks of the Cherwell and the Isis (made at an immense expence, and kept in the nicest order) belonging to Christ Church College, two of the most agreeable walks in the kingdom.

TALKING of Christ Church, we must needs visit the "mighty Tom," of musical memory. This prodigious Bell hangs in the dome-capt entrance of this College, and we approach it by geometric stairs, whose height destroys the relish for contemplating their contrivance and ingenuity.—The Bell has no machinery left by which it could be raised; the Clapper is therefore drawn by cords against the Bell when tolled, instead of the Bell being influenced against the Clapper, as usual. Is it not rather extraordinary that this easy mode of ringing a Bell should only be adopted in this instance?

THINKING

THINKING to take the dimensions of this Bell, we crept into it (for its mouth is very near the floor), though our guide assured us this curiosity was not allowed gratification when the Clock was striking. We all, however, had forgot to look at our Watches, and see that it wanted but a few seconds of Two.

TIME, however, as well as his representative a CLOCK, will not stop to save the Ears, the Eyes, or even the Life of the most curious Philosopher that ever lived! The anvil-like Hammer obeyed the power of Gravity, and struck the "mighty Tom!" The assault on the drum of our ears was from all quarters! 'Twas CÆSAR in the midst of the Conspirators! Indeed the sensation was without parallel!—no words can describe it! Conceive yourself in the middle of a hundred Chinese Gongs all struck at once, and call that Music!

LETTER

LETTER III.

DEAR SIR,

LITCHFIELD, JULY 18.

FROM Oxford to Blenheim the country opens into rich but not picturesque beauty; the soil a thin clay---the stones flat and crumbly. BLENHEIM is certainly a magnificent seat at a distance, viewed *en gros*; we become undeceived in the approach; the incongruous parts jumble into a vast but not a pleasant whole. The heavy architect had a mind to display all his powers; but like a mechanic belumbered by a multitude of tools, he has taken up the chissel where he should have used the hammer, and thrown together a number of parts, without what painters would call *keeping*, or musicians *modulation*. The parts do certainly not assimilate. What business have ITALIAN balconies on the top of an ENGLISH Palace? In Italy the climate demands them; but when do we visit the tops of our houses in quest of cool air? The vestibule, however, forms a striking entrance; but I fear more from its size and painting than the device of its architecture.

THE

THE rooms and paintings are so well known, that description is unnecessary. The library is broken by a number of inelegant marble masses, principally pilasters, by far too strong for what they have to support. The statue of QUEEN ANNE, at the end of it, is a majestic though stiff figure; but that it was by *her* munificence (as expressed on the pedestal) that the family owes the possession of Blenheim, is rather an extraordinary intimation, because I think it is generally understood that it was the NATION AT LARGE who paid JOHN DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH and his posterity that princely compliment.

THE gardens exhibit a great variety of delightful views! The extensive water which fills a wide and winding valley, loses itself in several smaller vallies, so as to give an idea of vast and indeterminate extent! The rounded inequality of ground both in the park and gardens, here covered with venerable woods, and there with beautiful cattle—the Temples—the historical Column—the Bridge—the village of WOODSTOCK, all together form a variety of scenery which at once warms the heart and enchants the eye!

LEAVING

LEAVING this delightful seat, we enter an open country, where so few houses, villages, or farms appear, that one stands astonished where the people come from to cultivate such extensive plains. This circumstance I have often observed both in England and France, that the best cultivated corn-countries are always the most thinly inhabited.

SHALL we pass thro' STRATFORD without bowing at the shrine of SHAKESPEARE? Every Muse forbids it! We sat in his chair; we read his anathema upon the wight who should remove his bones, engraven on a plain stone, over his grave, in the chancel of the church; above which we could not but execrate a painted bust, a bold-looking unlikeness, that disgraces the hallowed earth below.

THE ferruginous soil now begins to indicate our approach to the regions of VULCAN; good houses—small inclosures—population and smoke make the indication still stronger, till BIRMINGHAM makes its appearance in smoky majesty, covering two large hills, and as many vallies, with dark red ill-fashioned houses.

houses. But this casing (like the encrusted diamond) incloses gems of inestimable value; the roughest materials are here made to rival the productions of Golconda---iron seems to be handled like soft clay, and all the elements are called in and yield their assistance at the command of Art!

SOHO is Birmingham in miniature. On this small spot are accumulated the improvements of ages. Here is the advance guard of an army of artists pressing forward to scale the summit of perfection. Alas! why should Ingenuity and Science be yet contaminated with the illiberal alloy of Bigotry and Intolerance? Can the spirited Artist descend to be the tool of Faction? Shall a Town that astonishes a World harbour the Demon of Outrage? But two hours before the mischief alluded to began, I left the town, when no symptoms were visible of what happened on the night of July 14th.

THE road to LITCHFIELD affords little variety. The little triple-spired Cathedral is a good object viewed on any side, but particularly in front, when the three spires seem

in a line. But the ferruginous freestone of which the church is built is so mouldered away, that the statuary and carving is all obliterated. This town will long remain famous for having produced a JOHNSON and a GARRICK. The Muses seem unwilling to leave it: the Poets SEWARD and the Antiquarian GREEN keep up its reputation.

WE now enter the beautiful VALE OF TRENT, leading almost from Litchfield to Newcastle-under-line. The first seat that decorates this charming valley is BEAU DESERT, belonging to the EARL of UXBRIDGE! It merits its name—it is a paradise undrest!—there house a giant, standing on an eminence, and looking over a pigmy world. Had nature been as liberal in water as in the other requisites of beauty, this place would laugh at BROWN, as a person in health would despise a meddling physician.

THE seats of LORD DONNEGAL, SIR EDWARD LITTLETON, LORD TALBOT, LORD HARROWBY, and the MARQUIS of STAFFORD, enrich the sides of this sweet Vale alternately—and the Trent lingers thro' the
rich

rich groves and pastures, unwilling to leave its child the CANAL, called the GRAND TRUNK, which unites the Severn, the Trent, and the Weaver. Iron still continues to pervade the soil, and give it the red colour which it gives to common bricks.

NEAR the head of the Vale, seams of coal break out, and columns of smoke proclaim the neighbourhood of ETRURIA, the celebrated pottery of the ingenious Mr. WEDGWOOD. Here we have a colony raised in a desert, where clay-built Man subsists on clay, and where he seems to want nothing but the power of Prometheus to copy himself in that material.---How prolific is art! How far beyond numeration the forms into which this material is turned both for use and ornament! The vases of antient Etruria are outdone in this pottery. Taste makes even the petuntze of China unnecessary here; and in vain does the gilding of Dresden and St. Cloud endeavour to make the eye deceive the judgement.

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR,

LITCHFIELD, JULY 19.

TALK-ON-THE-HILL displays the whole COUNTY OF CHESTER like a flat wood beneath our feet. The Lancashire Mountains on the right, and those of Wales on the left, bound the plain. This view is more extensive than beautiful; neither town, village, nor house, BREAKS the uniformity of this scene: indeed the Counties of Chester and Lancaster seem the last part of Britain that "rose out of the azure main;" and accordingly the soil in both is but a thin sward spread over a bed of sea-sand. We are indebted to this sward, however, and the superabundant rain that keeps it always moist, for the finest cheese in the world. Why then should we repine at the moist atmosphere that covers our Island? Were we in the Moon, our telescopes would shew us that this Island is more green than any spot on the face of the earth. This verdure we

owe

owe to rain ; in consequence, our horses, cattle, sheep (nay, I am proud to say the Human Animal), exceed those of any other country. Indeed these two Counties seem to have more than their share of this useful element ; for the Mountains which separate them from Yorkshire stop the western clouds from the Atlantic Ocean, and by the rain-gauge it is found that at least one-third more rain falls in Lancashire than Yorkshire (surface for surface), upon an average made from many years observations. The breed of horned cattle of Cheshire, however, is much inferior to that of Lancashire, though it produces better cheese. A cow at best is but an unwieldy and clumsy animal ; but in Lancashire she has wide serpentine horns, a belly as light as a horse, beautifully spotted, or uniformly streaked from the back-bone on each side : in short, a Lancashire cow may really be called a beautiful animal.

IT would be well if a traveller could sleep during his passage through Cheshire, but THAT the rough paved road effectually forbids, He will be in some measure rewarded for his
C 3 fatigue,

LETTER IV.

DEAR SIR, LITCHFIELD, JULY 19.

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It would be well if a traveller could sleep during his passage through Cheshire, but THAT the rough paved road effectually forbids, He will be in some measure rewarded for his

fatigue, if he makes a digression by MIDDLEWICH, and has courage to descend into the Salt Mines. A stratum of salt rock will there astonish him about 60 yards beneath the surface, of unknown extent, that, excepting some earthy and other heterogeneous matter mixed with it, may be considered as a bed of real marine (or table) salt. Water issuing through this bed dissolves the salts, and becomes a brine of great strength, is drawn up to the surface, and after evaporation becomes the fine crystalline basket-salt of the table. The rock itself is also a great commercial object, being sent to Liverpool in huge blocks, where it serves as ballast to returning ships, instead of stone; and as it dissolves in sea-water, it forms a brine capable of yielding twice the quantity of salt the water would without it—hence becoming saleable in every sea-port in Europe.

COALS are also used as ballast from Liverpool. These two articles for back carriage give this port a decided superiority over all others in the kingdom. Besides, its imports being distributed in the country by Canal Navigation, is another of its fortuitous advantages.

vantages. No wonder therefore, from the spirit of enterprize in its inhabitants, that it has made a more rapid progress in building and improvements than any other part of the Three Kingdoms, except the capital.

LITTLE improvement can be seen near the road leading through Cheshire—the grass farms, and wooden thatched houses, are just what I remember them forty years ago, only they look a little older.

IN descending the Hill of Talk we cross the GRAND CANAL near HARE CASTLE, where it enters, and passes through the Mountain which separates Cheshire from Staffordshire. This tunnel I did not explore, but was told it was above a mile in length, arched all round.

KNUTSFORD is a pretty little town, and has a great many handsome seats in its neighbourhood; but picturesque beauty must not be looked for in a flat country: the views can only extend over a few fields, being intercepted by dwarf oaks, which stand thick in the fences, and make the country look

like one great wood. The late LORD WARRINGTON, however, planted some millions of oaks in his estate of DUNHAM MASSEY, which have made such a progress in growth during the last fifty years, that they will soon be large enough to rush into the sea, and prove a noble addition to our naval strength.

A VIEW of these Woods from the DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER'S Canal many years ago, inspired me with something like poetry, which, if I remember, runs in this strain :

Ah! rural DUNHAM ! thee I see from far,
 Sweet haunt of peace, yet nursery of war ;
 Thy patriot LORD the Sylvan Genius fir'd,
 Plants started into trees as he inspir'd ;
 And shall be like the Serpent's teeth of old,
 That grew to warriors arm'd and bold,
 For wrapt in future times methinks I see
 Thy infant oaks in ships – thy lawn a sea ;
 Foes trembling at thy growing warlike grove,
 As at the forging thunderbolts of Jove.

THE Silk Mills of KNUTSFORD, MACCLESFIELD, &c. are principally converted into Cotton Mills, that material having taken the lead of silk in the fashion of the present time ; but it is impossible so many Mills should

should find employment for any length of time, for there is scarcely a stream that will turn a wheel through the North of England that has not a Cotton Mill upon it. At present they are fully employed, and long may they continue so !—but this I much fear.

AT WARRINGTON we enter LANCASHIRE, the county of industry and spirit ! This town has long been famous for its manufactory of sail-cloth, but boasts no great beauty in either building or situation. Its damp situation is indicated by vast poplar trees ;—that aquatic which delights in bogs and ditches.

THE progress of improvement in the High Roads of this country, affords matter for curiosity.—For many ages, and to the middle of this century, a causeway of about two feet broad, paved with round pebbles, was all that man or horse could travel upon, particularly in the winter season, through both Cheshire and Lancashire ! This causeway was guarded by posts, at a proper distance, to keep carts off it, and the open part of the road was generally impassable in the winter from mire and deep ruts. As trade increased,

creased, and turnpikes became general, the ruts were filled with pebbles and cinders; but still in winter no coach or chaise durst venture through them. Indictments and law-suits at last produced a broad pavement, which would suffer two carriages to pass each other; and this was thought the ultimate perfection that a country without gravel could go to; and the narrow pavement became covered with grass. In this state the Roads have continued many years, to the great profit of the coach-maker, and the cure of indigestion: but now both the broad and narrow pavements are pulling up, the pebbles breaking into small pieces, and their interstices filling up with sand. So far as this method has proceeded, the Roads are become as good as in any part of England; and no doubt the utility will soon become general, enforced by so spirited and liberal a people as inhabit these Counties.

THE spirit of ancient hospitality lingered in the County of Chester long after it had forsaken the rest of the Kingdom. The open manly character of our forefathers is still
visible

visible here ; for many of the numerous old families of this county were attached to the STUART Family, and for two reigns never came near the Court. Living therefore on their own estates, cultivating good neighbourhood ; regaling after a fatiguing fox-chace on strong ale roast beef and toasted cheese, and meeting (with much good-humour) at a neighbouring bowling-green, constituted their routine of amusement, ere Politeness, Self, and heavy taxes crept in among them. Happy times ! and happy people ! your country associates in my mind the many jolly days I have formerly spent among you.

LET-

LETTER V.

DEAR SIR, MANCHESTER, JULY 25.

FROM Warrington we proceeded up the DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER'S Canal, sailing over roads and rivers, till we arrived at WORSLEY, where it enters the earth. In a long narrow boat we are pushed up this subterraneous passage (just wide enough for the boat) above a mile, when we arrive at the place where the colliers are working. The rushing of water and clanking of chains realize the fabulous Tartarus!—The ear is assaulted with such uncommon noise, that the stoutest heart finds itself under some dismay.

BECOMING accustomed to the black inhabitants and the wheels and engines, we acquire courage to explore their use. The springs of water on the surface of this excavated mountain are collected into a large reservoir. From this pond pipes convey water into a bucket suspended on the axle of a large wheel, on which hangs another bucket, to be filled with coals or lime-

lime-stone, at the bottom of a shaft leading from the canal below. When the second bucket is filled, a sluice is drawn, which fills the first bucket with water from the reservoir, which by its weight descends, and hoists up the bucket of coals or lime-stone to the surface, and then oversets, emptying its water into the canal below. Lime-stone (so much wanted in Lancashire) is brought from Wales up the Canal, and thus hoisted upon high ground, and burnt there in numerous kilns into lime, with a facility that looks like enchantment.

SEVERAL other passages lead from this principal one into divers parts of the mountain, and recesses cut in the rock suffer one boat to pass another. In this singular voyage it is almost impossible to believe one's self in motion; the rocky passage, arched with brick, seems to be flying from you, and makes the head dizzy; and in returning, the distant entrance looks like a bright star.

AFTER passing an hour in darkness (only broken by a small taper, the light becomes too brilliant for the eye—every object shines with uncom-

uncommon splendour, till we repass BARTON-BRIDGE, where vessels navigating the IRWELL pass under those navigating the Canal. This is truly a singular sight ! an idea of which might be conceived from supposing a number of floops sailing along the road part of Westminster-Bridge, while others were sailing under it. MANCHESTER now appears—and the prospects change with every turn of the Canal. The social boat has its compartments like the treck-schoots of Holland, where the price is according to the accommodation, and may be open or under cover, as the passenger pleases.

THE use of this Canal is two-fold. Being on a level with the bed of coal, it is dug and conveyed at so easy an expence as to be profitable to the owner, and cheap to the consumer—this is one object. The other is, the conveyance of goods and passengers between the populous towns of Manchester and Liverpool. The weirs to carry off superfluous water—the gates by which parts of the Canal may be emptied without affecting the rest—the puddled banks, impervious to water—

water—the cranes and other mechanical devices about this useful and ingenious work, reflect the highest lustre on the abilities of BRINDLEY, as well as of the DUKE, who is well known to have been the contriver of many devices in this noble work that are attributed to BRINDLEY.

MANCHESTER is a well-built town—doubled in its size the last thirty years—more than doubled in the number of its inhabitants—and enriched by the Cotton Manufactory beyond the powers of calculation!—To such perfection has the spinning of cotton by machinery arrived, that I had this incredible circumstance assured to me from one of the first Manufacturers in that line, viz. that one pound of raw cotton had (for a wager) been spun into 356 hanks, each hank containing 840 yards; so that the thread produced from this pound of cotton would have reached 169 miles! This is much finer than any thread produced in India; and of course, if the cotton of the West were equal to that of the East Indies, our muslins would
exceed

exceed those of Hindostan. We make out by ingenuity what we want in fineness of material ; for the fancy displayed in our printed cottons is unrivalled, and has (with cheapness) established the manufacture beyond that of silk, wool, flax, &c. To enumerate the cotton fabrics under the denomination of Velvets, Fustians, Checks, Printed Cottons, Muslins, &c. would be to count the sands of the sea ; and though so much of the business is performed by water machinery, there is still business enough for all ages and numbers, from four years old to fourscore.

To see barren hills and vallies laugh and sing under the influence of an auspicious trade, must give the benevolent heart the most agreeable sensations. Villages swarming with strong healthy and beautiful children, well fed, though they may at this time of the year despise shoes and stockings, is another instance ; for these may be considered as the offspring of Trade—handsome country-houses on every hill, elegantly furnished, and surrounded by as elegant pleasure-grounds—
and

and a great part of the old town pulled down to make room for spacious and ornamental mansions—these are thy blessings, O Commerce!—these are thy rewards, O Industry!

THE collegiate Church of Manchester is a large Gothic pile, is a striking feature in the view of the town, and stands on a bold eminence. The ancient Monastery is converted into an excellent Free-School—an Hospital where sixty boys are educated and maintained—and a Library almost equal to the Bodleian in number of books, rare MSS. and with a fund for adding every thing excellent to it in modern literature. These books are lent out to the inhabitants. The Infirmary, the Exchange, the Theatre, Music-rooms, and the New Jail with solitary cells, are all worthy the inspection of a traveller. Scarce any vestiges remain of the Roman station called MANCUNIA; it is situated at one termination of the town, and of the DUKE OF BRIDGEWATER's Canal.

D

LET.

LETTER VI.

DEAR SIR, LANCASTER, JULY 28.

FROM Manchester to WIGAN, we pass through a rich and populous country—the foliage of the hedges and trees, however, not equal to that of the south, all leaning from the west by the spray of the sea.

WIGAN is not much increased in building these last thirty years. Its Corporation feuds have moderated into peace; for the Electors, doubtless, have discovered that beating out of brains did not contribute to the honesty or worth of the elected. That excellent Coal called Cannel is got under the town and in its neighbourhood in great abundance. Besides making the most brilliant fire, this coal is capable of being turned into snuff-boxes and many other useful and ornamental toys. Many families have a Cannel-pit in the court-yard; and when they are in want of coals they send

send down a collier, who will dig as many in a few hours as will serve the family many months :—the pit is then shut up.

THE small river called DOUGLAS has been many years turned into a canal, and now joins that intended to make a water-communication between Liverpool and Hull. This makes Liverpool a Coal-port. The two ends of this Canal are only finished, viz. that on the Yorkshire side, from Leeds to Skipton; and on the Lancashire side, from Liverpool to the neighbourhood of Preston. The mountains that intervene will be difficult to pass, though the matter is now in serious contemplation; and what cannot be achieved by the public spirit of this part of the country? A branch of this Canal is also intended to lead from Preston to Lancaster, and from thence to Kendal.

WIGAN has produced many excellent self-taught mechanics. DICK MELLING simplified the steam-engine; gave a wind-mill an equable motion, and the means of turning itself to the wind. His bucket-engine drained

a valuable Cannel-mine for many years at a small expence ; and many other contrivances of his challenge equal merit in simplicity and effect.

MR. BARKER of this place was for many years the only maker of steel cross-bows, and also of the best fowling-pieces in the kingdom. Indeed, the machinery necessary in such extensive coal-works has called forth the genius and invention of many more mechanics, that do honour to human abilities.

THE road through CHORLEY to PRESTON contains nothing very interesting : RIVINGTON PIKE is a good object, on the right ; a smooth and lofty mountain, with a summer-house on its summit.

PRESTON stands on a sweet eminence above the Ribble, and its approach through the village of Walton is very beautiful. SIR HARRY HOGHTON's, near this village, though in a low situation, is an handsome seat, and the Belvidere above it a fine object. HOGHTON TOWER (the original seat of the HOGHTONS)
frowns

frowns on a distant mountain ;—it seems the guardian of the valley below. This Vale contained the Cotton and other works of LIVESEY and Co. whose failure a few years ago made such an eruption in the world of trade.

UP the hill, where GENERAL WILLS attacked the Rebels in 1715, we enter PRESTON, the most beautiful town in the north of England.—From the number of genteel families with which this town formerly abounded, it got the epithet PROUD. Trade and manufactures have made a revolution in this matter, as aristocratic ideas do not assimilate well with the clacking of looms, or the hum of spinning-wheels. Instead of Cards, therefore, for killing time, Cards are used by which thousands may live. Every twenty-one years a JUBILEE or GUILD takes place here, which assembles all the families of the County. It consists of processions, balls, assemblies, concerts, plays, &c. The Ladies' procession includes the very essence of beauty, as this County produces the finest complexions in the world :—it lasts twelve days,

in a continued round of festivity, if those vermin called Adventurers and Blacklegs (those pests of public meetings) did not tarnish the solemnity.

THE beautiful walk of Evenham on a high bank above the Ribble, forms part of the elegant environs of this town, as do the woods of Tulkeith, Penwortham, &c.

THE road to LANCASTER has the flat called the Fild on the left, and ill-shaped mountains on the right. The road is excellent, and the approach to the town the most striking of any in the kingdom. The Castle and the Church on a fine hill uniting as it were in one immense and finely broken building, breaks upon the eye all at once, at the most fortunate distance. But as I shall appropriate another Letter to the description of this place, I shall conclude this with assuring you how much I am, &c.

L E T.

LETTER VII.

DEAR SIR,

LANCASTER, JULY 29.

IN my last I endeavoured to give you some idea of the striking appearance of this ancient Borough, when seen about a mile off, on the London road. The huge square Tower of the Castle is picturesquely broken by the intervention of smaller ones; the fine Tower of the Church also seems part of the assemblage, and both these being on the summit of an high hill, with the town falling in an easy slope down the sides of it, make a group, that impresses the idea of a more stately town than we find it. Every thing, however, both without and within doors, is neat and clean to a proverb. Not that it is so because there is nothing to dirty it—considerable bustle is occasioned by an extensive West-India Trade, which employs fifty sail of ships, many of 300 tons burthen, which can float close to the side of the town. An

extensive wet dock near the mouth of the Lune will admit ships of the largest burthen.

THE imports here are principally Rum and Cotton; and the exports, Provisions and Mahogany Furniture; in the taste and elegance of the latter they are scarcely equalled in the Capital. Ship-building also employs a great number of hands, and stouter ships are said to be built here than in any other port in the kingdom. Cotton-mills, Cotton-weaving, Bleaching and Stamping, also employ many in the town and neighbourhood; as well as spinning and weaving Sail-cloth.—Hence much of the rough stone buildings have made room for elegant houses of beautiful hewn stone: beautiful I say, because it is variegated with streaks of ferruginous earth, so as to represent landscapes, foliage, &c. that give the houses a very singular appearance. Of this stone was lately built an handsome Town-hall; under which and its massy portico the market-people find good shelter: the strength of the pillars of this portico may perhaps be excused, from their having a large temple-like turret to support, besides

besides the usual pediment. This idea in Architecture is new to me, and it has a good effect.

THE New Bridge does great honour to the Architect, and to the munificence of the County.—It consists of five large and equal arches, over which the road is a straight line, so the ascent is at each end only; the arches are a flat oval; hence it has much the appearance of the light Cycloidal Bridge over the Arno in Florence. The pressure on the buttresses of the arches is judiciously taken off (or rather brought to balance the rest) by large perforations over each pier, like those in the broken bridge of the Via Sacra at Rome.—These perforations have their entrance decorated with a pediment supported by two Doric pillars;—and the balustrade is of turned stone. In short, I think this the most beautiful bridge, for its size, of any in England.

THE Old Church is a large Gothic structure, which, with its steeple and the Castle, makes a useful sea-mark.

THE

THE Castle is now the County Prison, and large additions are making to it, consisting of Solitary Cells that may accommodate above an hundred prisoners. This useful regulation (now growing so universal), it is to be hoped, may prove the means of preventing crimes : for it is certainly more consistent with the wisdom and humanity of a State to prevent rather than punish crimes. But, indeed, it is a satire upon either our laws or the morality of our times, that such novel regulations are necessary. These additions will break the huge masses of the old Castle into a more elegant appearance, when finished.

THE Gateway of this antient structure consists of two octogonal Towers of vast size, which the Gate itself and the Curtain over it unites, with the usual opening for a Portcullis. These two Towers have their top-projecting turrets in perfect preservation, by which the besieged, in former times, could annoy an enemy (endeavouring to break through the wall) with great stones, scalding-water, &c. and be perfectly secure themselves.

THE

THE Towers of the Castle (about a bow-shot distance from each other) with the Curtains that go between each, inclose about two acres of space : in this is included the vast square Tower which contains the Shire-Hall, &c. and on the top of which, in a corner turret, is a square recess called JOHN OF GHAUNT'S CHAIR. From this alarming height the prospect is diversified beyond description ! The great bay or inlet called Lancaster Sands seems spread out before us like an immense lake, setting the Alpine mountains north of it at a proper distance for exciting wonder in those who have been used to a flat country. Blackcoomb rises from the sea, on the left, with round majesty ; and the flat well-cultivated Peninsula of Furness makes a good foreground to it. Further to the left appears Peele Castle, sticking out of the sea like a man's nose. Turning to the right, Cunnistone Fells, Langdale Pikes, Hill-Bell, &c. indent the horizon with grand and broken masses, very like the Tyrolean Alps as seen over Lake Constance. More to the right, the Panorama softens into cultivated hills and vallies, here and there overlooked by frowning eminences, such as Ingleborough, Farlton

Knott,

Knott, &c. From these the country inclines downwards to the dead flat called the Fild, which makes a curious contrast with the Bay, one being an expanse of water, the other of wood, farther than the eye can see. Bending the eye still more downward, the Town is seen beneath our feet more like the Map of a Town than the Town itself. The winding River and the two bridges diversify this view.

FROM this giddy height we descend to examine the antiquity and progressive increase of this huge pile of building. It is almost unnecessary to say, that the names of places which end with *caster* or *cester* were originally Roman Towns or Stations. They were originally situated on eminences, and if those eminences were surrounded nearly by a river, so much the better. This is precisely the case here, the Lune or Lon (for so it was antiently called, and the country people call the town LONCASTER to this day) winds round the hill on which the Castle and Church stand, and on which was the Station; the remains of which are yet visible in a double Vallum that winds round the hill; and a
round

round Tower (now incorporated in the Castle, and called the Dungeon Tower) is said to be a part of it, and built by Adrian about the year of Christ 124.

THIS Tower had the square one called the Shire-Hall added to it about the year 305. Constantine (father of Constantine the Great) built another Tower facing the Town, called the Well-Tower, from a well under it. After the Norman Conquest, the Castle was considerably enlarged by JOHN EARL of MORTON and LANCASTER, who contributed much to its grandeur, by erecting the Tower called the Gatehouse, very like, and almost as large as the late Bastile. When the Earl became King, he gave audience to the French Ambassador in this very Tower; and here also received homage from ALEXANDER KING of SCOTLAND, whom he subdued.

THERE were several royal Earls and Dukes of Lancaster before JOHN of GHAAUNT, who about 1362 married the Heiress of DUKE HENRY PLANTAGENET; and HENRY of BOLINGBROKE his son (Henry IV.)
united

united the Lancashire and Yorkshire estates, which were so large and so many, that he was the greatest subject in Europe, as Duke of Lancaster; inasmuch that the Chancellorship of this Duchy is among the best things the King of England has in his gift at this day.

LETTER

LETTER VIII.

DEAR SIR, LANCASTER, JULY 30.

A DIGRESSION from Lancaster up the Vale of LUNE to KIRKBY-LONSDALE is one of the most beautiful rides in this country. Hanging-woods wind in such convolutions as if to prevent this rapid river getting to the sea; and in many places does it seem to hesitate, and pause in fine sheets. Art also lays obstacles in its way by dams for Cotton-Mills, Corn-Mills, Forges, &c. It suffers not these interruptions peaceably, but roars in perpetual complaint (never out of hearing) up the whole vale.

CATON lies in the opening of this Vale, a straggling hamlet of good houses, and swarming with children, many of whom are sent from the work-houses of London to the Cotton-Mills of this and other places, and where they can, at a very early period of life, maintain themselves.

WHETHER

WHETHER thus crowding a number of poor children together in rooms where the floating fibres of cotton make a fog and must be inhaled at every breath, and where the rattle of machines is only broken by obscenity and oaths, can contribute to the health or morality of such numbers of the future community, is an object, I think, not unworthy of Legislative enquiry. It is not unlikely this mode of getting rid of children troublesome to a parish, may counteract the good effects of Sunday Schools, and partially deluge us again with ignorance and barbarism.

THE Valley consists principally of grass farms, which is certainly a wise conformity to the climate and country: for crops of corn must be very uncertain where so much rain falls, and where the winter sets in so early. Here is, however, some tolerably-looking wheat, and the oats and barley are luxuriant. Notwithstanding this, I cannot say but I am almost sorry to see in the North of Lancashire and Westmoreland, lands made arable by great industry, which Nature designed only for breeding of cattle, sheep, &c.

BEFORE

BEFORE the wonderful success of Mr. Bakewell in breeding cattle, this Valley (at Borough-Hall, the seat of Mr. FENWICK) produced the largest and most beautiful breed of horned cattle of any in England; and no wonder, for the pastures are the richest I ever beheld:—there is a silkiness in the grass, and a botanical variety in its species, surpassing the fine herbage in the plains of Lombardy that produce the Parmesan Cheese.

BUT before we reach this rich part of LUNESDALE, we are struck with HORNBY CASTLE, on a fine hill in the middle of the Valley. This like all the ancient seats in the North of England, had defence as well as convenience to be consulted in its construction—accordingly an high, strong, and square Tower makes a part of every old house. On one corner of that which gives grandeur to the look of Hornby Castle, is placed an octagonal Turret, from the windows of which an extensive and variegated prospect opens on three sides. This Castle was built and possessed by the STANLEYS, as well as the Church below, indicated by inscriptions on both. The Castle is modernized
E by

by the addition of a tolerable house, built or enlarged by the notorious CHARTRES of lascivious memory, who made this retreat (when the dupes of his usury left Town) the scene of his debaucheries.

THIS Castle, the octogonal steeple of the Church, a house with a front of Corinthian pilasters (very like the MAISON QUARRE' at Nîmes), together with the hanging woods near them, have afforded a fine subject to an ingenious Landscape-Painter. There is the frustum of a Pyramidical Stone in the Church-yard about seven or eight feet high, with Saxon arches engraven upon it, that looks antique; when whole it must have been near twenty feet high, and proportionably thick, and probably of one stone; but tradition is silent, and no inscription remains upon it.

KIRKBY-LONSDALE (like the Celtic names in Scotland and Wales) has its name indicative of its situation, i. e. a Church on the Side of Lune's Dale. It is a pretty town, and inhabited by genteel people. It stands on a bank or eminence above the Lune; and from its church-yard is a pleasing view of Ingleborough, Lonsdale, &c.

LETTER

L E T T E R IX.

DEAR SIR, ULVERSTONE, AUGUST 8.

AT the hazard of our lives we arrived here, having no compass, when a thick fog broke in upon us on the middle of LANCASTER SANDS. Our horses certainly smelt the land, for by them and Providence we got safe to it.

THESE Sands form a prodigious Bay when the tide is in. The two arms that embrace this Bay are the Peninsula of Furness on the North, and Roffa Point on the South. The first part of it, which is crossed in the road to Ulverstone (or what the country people call *Ooston*) is about eleven miles over; the road is more even than a gravel walk in a garden, and suffers a grand view of the rugged country that surrounds it. We enter the Sands about four miles from Lancaster, and taking a sweep with the eye, the first land feature is FARLETON KNOT, a huge rock as large, and very like the rock of Gibraltar. The various bands or strata of limestone that

form this mass, incline a little to the West; and the uppermost, which forms the surface of the mountain (and which surface is exactly like the little ridges on the sands left by a retiring tide), seems a proof that this calcareous heap must have once been under the sea.

WHARTON CRAG is the next striking feature to the left. The limestone strata which form this round hill, look like so many bandeaux wrapt elegantly round a handsome head.

THEN opens MILNTHORP SAND, formed by the KEN, a river which gives name to a well-cultivated Dale, and to the largest town in Westmoreland. Nature on this Sand has long spoken, in very intelligible language, the wish she had that it should be inclosed. She has planted large patches of grass over thousands of acres, which only equinoxial tides cover. Now was the KEN diverted from its present course along the side instead of the middle of this sandy Bay, the land would soon get the better of the sea, and bank it out without labour, with a fine sword. Something

thing of this kind has been proposed, I understand, and over-ruled; but I venture to prove the project practicable, and that at a small expence.

ON the left of this Bay is CASTLE-HEAD, a seat under a hill of romantic beauty, from whence shoots the Peninsula of CARTMEL FELL, as far as HUMPHREY HEAD, a frowning Promontory that has long withstood the buffets of old Ocean, and still defies its utmost fury. At the end of the eleven miles above, we arrive at this Promontory, which obstructs our way to Ulverstone; but not without compensation, for it affords a SALT CHALYBEATE SPRING of great salubrity, which is much resorted to in summer, the town of CARTMEL, and HOOKER, the beautiful seat of LORD GEORGE CAVENDISH.

HAVING passed this Peninsula, eat flounders (called *flook*s) at Flookborough, we again enter the Sands, and ride three miles over them before we arrive at Ulverstone. In crossing each of these Sands, we cross also two rivers, each sometimes more than half a mile wide. This sounds alarmingly! but it is

feldom they are more than a foot deep. Indeed, I have crossed them when we were obliged to open the two doors of the chaise, and let the water run through; but this is seldom the case.

FATAL accidents sometimes happen, and sometimes ludicrous ones. A Gentleman's horse was some time ago drowned in crossing one of these rivers too late. The horse floated, and the Gentleman stuck to him, as a wrecked seaman would to a plank. The Man and Horse were carried up by the tide a considerable way inland, and so near the shore that he tried by the long tail of the Horse if he could touch the bottom. No bottom was to be found! The tide turned, and the Man and Horse began to move towards the main sea! His heart sunk within him, though he still swam by the assistance of the Horse's tail. Several miles was he carried by this uncouth navigation, when once more he was determined to try if he was within soundings. Having fastened one hand in the Horse's tail, he plunged into the sea, and think what must have been his feelings when he felt the bottom!—PROVIDENCE had

had placed him on a sand-bank ! He stood up to the chin—the waves went over him—he disengaged himself from his good friend the dead Horse, and waited there till the tide forsook the Sands, and got safe home.

ANECDOTES of this kind are without end in this neighbourhood, but misfortunes seldom happen except by carelessness ; so that they should not deter people from crossing the Sands ; for though a singular, it is not an unpleasant ride.

L E T T E R X.

DEAR SIR,

ULVERSTONE, AUG. 8.

ULVERSTONE is situated on that rich Peninsula called **LOW-FURNESS**, the only corn part of Lancashire that bears any resemblance to the open parts in the South. Besides corn, it produces that iron ore called *Hæmatites*, of such a quality that no malleable iron can be made from English ore without a mixture of this. It is got at about twenty or thirty yards deep in the ground, lies in a regular stratum, is crumbly, and dyes the fingers of a brick-colour. This ore, and the woods for charcoal, have greatly enriched this country, for they seem made for one another. Hence many iron furnaces and forges are to be met with on this peninsula, and landholders find it almost as profitable to let their grounds grow over with wood as to cultivate them, for every fourteen or fifteen years the wood is cut down and charred. These woods agreeably hide the rugged asperities of the mountainous part of this country,

try, and give an air of shelter and warmth to it.

To the Abbey of Furness this whole peninsula belonged.—The Abbey is a ruin in the low and rich part of the neck, but so mutilated, that it is scarce worth a digression of fifteen miles from Ulverstone. It contained a society of Cistercian Monks, who were dissolved at the Reformation.

THE ride from ULVERSTONE to CUNNISTONE LAKE is through woods and rocks that must astonish and alarm a stranger : but when he arrives at the bottom or foot of the Lake, he will be struck with a scene of such tremendous barrenness as no words can describe ! CUNNISTONE FELL, TILBERTHWAITE, &c. seem nothing but rock, and overtop in height, as well as ruggedness, all the mountains on the Lancashire side of Windermere. At the bottom of these, and near the head of the Lake, are some pretty inclosures, and better houses than might be expected in such a country. The seat called CUNNISTONE-WATER-HEAD is really a paradise in a desert ; and these mountains also
produce

produce copper, and the fine blue slate so much esteemed in the Capital.

RISING a very steep hill by the High-crofts, we get a peep at the LAKE of WINDERMERE, the paragon of all the Northern Lakes; but first we fall down into HAWKSHED, a small Market-town, where the houses seem as if they had been dancing a country-dance, but being all out, they stood still where the dance ended! or, perhaps, like BUNBURY's Long Minuet, in all attitudes. I can compare it to no other place I ever saw! Its situation, however, is pretty—it is in a narrow well-enclosed vale, at the head of a Lake called ESTED WATER. The Town and this Lake make very good objects as seen from BELLE MOUNT, the hospitable seat of the worthy and Rev. Mr. BRATHWAITE, whose kindness and hilarity providentially soften the gloom and rigour of the country.

By the side of Ested Lake we approach the end of the Mountain called FURNESS FELL, which separates this Lake from that
of

of Windermere.—The crossing of this Mountain is truly Alpine—steep, rocky, and cut through stone precipices, whose bottom is washed by the Lake; so that this approach to the Lake of Windermere terrifies while the view enchants! Instead, therefore, of going (as the road directs) to the Ferry, we were instructed to creep along the side of the precipice near a mile, and a few rods above the verge of the Lake, and all at once to turn round and view the Landscape. The Sun was almost setting, his disk was hid from us by the Mountain, so that his rays illuminated the Lake, its Islands, and the opposite Landscape, without being seen himself. Had the best productions of CLAUD or SALVATOR been before us, they must have remained disregarded! No pencil ever gave such tints—no fancy ever threw together such an assemblage of the sublime and beautiful! CHRISTIAN'S ISLAND seemed under our feet—the other Islands like floating woods—the Lake itself, a mirror unruffled by a breath of wind, doubled its cultivated margin, and the woods and mountains, that stand as centinels over the
seats

seats and villages that shelter in the vallies. These Vales open radiantly to our view, exhibiting a foaming river in the bottom, with fields and houses on each side—higher up was the woody region—and above all steep and stupendous mountains !

LANGDALE PIKES are of so singular a shape, that the imagination might easily conceive them to be two huge lions come down from the planet JUPITER, and reposing couchant at the head of the Lake. But my paper will hold no more, I must therefore defer further particulars till my next.

LETTER

L E T T E R XI.

DEAR SIR,

BOWNESS, AUG. 8.

DESCENDING from this bird's-eye view of the LAKE of WINDERMERE, we embark at the Ferry for CHRISTIAN'S ISLAND. This Ferry, by the bye, seems intended by Nature; for two Peninsulas (called NABS here) penetrate the Lake just opposite to one another, and leave a narrow space for the navigation. Embarking then at the Ferry, we see, from the extreme transparency of the water, what I have found to be the case all round the Lake, viz. that the ground slopes or inclines very gradually into the Lake for a few yards, and all at once becomes a steep brow; so that where the water would scarce reach the knee, the next step might precipitate the bather down a hill of many fathoms deep. This cost two boys their lives a few years ago, who riding a mare into the water in order to divert themselves with the distress of her

her

her foal, and urging the mare over the edge of the precipice, her fore feet slid down, and the boys tumbling over her head, and clinging to the halter, drowned both themselves and the mare.

IN some places this Lake is thirty-five fathom deep, but so transparent that I have seen a fish not a pound weight attack a bait at twelve yards deep. The sail to the large Island is charming! The mountains open into view in varied succession, and almost divert the eye from the cultivated scene we now arrive at.

CHRISTIAN'S ISLAND is about a mile in length, but of very unequal width, containing about forty acres:—hence its shores are beautifully indented, and the present possessor (J. C. CURWEN, Esq. MEMBER for CARLISLE) has with good taste conformed to what Nature pointed out, by decorating the verge with shrubbery, and a walk round the whole Island, that follows the winding shore. This walk presents so many and such contrasted scenes of wild rocks and rich vallies—of barrenness and cultivation—of wood and water—of white villages and black mountains—

tains—of abrupt and perpendicular precipices—with round smooth hills streaked with stone fences, inclosing fields of the richest green—that the Tourist spontaneously stops every ten yards, and seems desirous of making a day's journey of the walk round this bewitching Island !

NOT a breath of wind troubled the Lake this day ; it was consequently a mirror, and doubled every beauty, while my Convex Mirror brought every scene within the compass of a picture. CALYPSO and her Nymphs surprized the ship-wrecked TELEMACHUS with threats, but we were more fortunate on this Island ; for a beautiful group, including the LADY of the ISLAND and her sweet CHIDDREN, came with much politeness, and pressed us to partake of their dessert, consisting of grapes, melons, &c. and much we lamented that our time would not permit a compliance with their wishes to detain us a few days.

IN our approach to the house we had an opportunity of judging how much its round figure assimilated with this romantic country,

country, and the singularity of its situation ; for its outward figure is that of a tall beehive, with the chimnies in the center of its convex roof. This figure, however, is judiciously broken by an elegant portico, near as large and very like that of St. George's-church, Hanover-square. The circular staircase is in the center of the building, so that radii from this inner to the outer circle make the rooms more square than could be expected in a cylindrical figure. Beside, this figure is well calculated to withstand the storms of this exposed situation, and is a striking feature in the Landscape,

WE left this delicious seat with regret, and in our passage to BOWNESS passed by Mr. CURWEN's fleet of yachts, sailing-boats, &c, at anchor, which added not a little to the splendour of the scene,

LETTER

LETTER XII.

DEAR SIR, AMBLESIDE, AUG. 14.

BOWNESS contains the PARISH-CHURCH of WINDERMERE—a large white structure, that makes a good object in the Landscape. Its large east window of stained glass is said to have been saved from the demolition of FURNESS ABBEY; the Church must therefore have been built about the reign of HENRY VIII. This Window exhibits a Crucifixion in the center, of expressive figures, and is in tolerable preservation. This village is situated on a bay of the Lake; and from a hill just above it there is an extensive view of the LAKE and its ISLANDS--LANGDALE PIKES--CUNNISTONE FELS—RYDAL HALL, the seat of SIR MICHAEL FLEMING—COGARTH, the large but unfinished seat of the BISHOP of LLANDAFF—and RARIGG, a seat much like Ferney, the seat of VOLTAIRE.

F

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F

THROUGH

THROUGH the Woods of the last-mentioned place is a pleasing ride to Low Wood (the Inn where most Tourists set up their head-quarters); and in this ride we pass by the birth-place of JUDGE WILSON, a character that does honour to his country. ROMNEY the celebrated Portrait-Painter, and WALKER the Philosopher, date their origin from this neighbourhood.

COGARTH is an ancient residence of the PHILLIPSONS. The estate reaches some miles on the border of the Lake, consisting of beautiful woods and rich pasture-ground. Between two semi-globular Woods is situated the large mansion now building by the BISHOP of LLANDAFF. Its site is so little above the level of the Lake, that I should fear the mountain inundations would be apt to pay it a visit. The Gardens are draining; but why the House and Gardens should be situated in a swamp, when the estate affords situations of every description, this Right Reverend Philosopher best knows. The House is well sheltered by Woods and Mountains on the North—opens finely to the Lake in front,

front, and which from its length makes a striking object, as seen on and about all parts of the Lake.

Low Wood is only separated from the Lake by the high road leading from Kendal to Ambleside, and is convenient therefore for excursions on the Lake:—boats, lines, and baits are always ready for fishing, and the game are Perch (called *Bass* here). This social fish haunts particular places, particularly where an aquatic vegetable grows called *Meakin*. This plant grows to be six or eight feet long, in water about ten or twelve feet deep, forming a curious wood. Over this wood the boat is fixed by an anchor, or a great stone fastened to the end of a long rope, and if the fishing-party consist of Ladies and Gentlemen, the sport is excellent; for every one being equipped with a line and hook, on which the bait is hung, a plummet sinks the bait near to the bottom, and the fishers hold the lines in their hands over the side of the boat. If the perch are hungry, perhaps three or four will bite at a time, giving the

hand a shake almost equal to an electric shock; then are they drawn up, and the struggling victims erect their sharp fins, so that the female fishers dare not touch them; squalling and laughter in consequence ensue—the holds her wet captive at arm's-length, who sprinkles her all over with water, and occasions the most laughable distress!—I know of no pleasanter diversion than to make one of a good-humoured fishing-party on this Lake!—Sometimes a large Pike will follow the captive Perch up to the very surface, and even make a spring out of the Lake after it.

No bait yet tried will tempt the famous Charr of this or the neighbouring Lakes. This delicious fish is caught in nets, principally in the winter season, and potted for presents. The grey Trout of this Lake grows to 30 or 40 pounds weight, and goes up the brooks and rivers to spawn, and takes up its abode in the deepest part of the water at other times, and therefore is very seldom caught. The brooks which empty themselves

selfes into WINDERMERE afford small Trout in great abundance ; and the large Eels may be seen sprawling on the grassy bottom of the Lake like a country inhabited by innumerable serpents. These are taken early in a morning by bearded spears fixed on the end of long poles. But this is a dangerous diversion ; for as the bottom of clear water always appears nearer than it is, the unexperienced striker finds the Eel more distant than he expected, and frequently tumbles over the side of the boat.

THE stations on this side the Lake, for Views, are many and various. The walk from LOW-WOOD HOUSE to the DOVE'S-NEST is sylvan and pretty. A Hill above MILLER GROUND affords a grand picture ; and higher still, in a field near the CROSSES, a bird's-eye view of the Lake, surrounded by huge broken and rocky mountains, is awful and sublime ! Should the day be a little over-cast, and the sun's rays break partially through the clouds on some rugged eminence, then have we GILPIN's ideas made manifest of Characteristic Landscape, and

the Contrast between huge masses of Light and Shade. The golden tints where the rays strike—the straight rays, in pencils, streaming before a black mountain—and perhaps a black shower springing suddenly up, and frowning in its passage over all, are Alpine effects, unseen in flat countries, and afford rational wonder to the Painter, the Naturalist, and the Philosopher.

LETTER

LETTER XIII.

DEAR SIR, AMBLESIDE, AUGUST 18.

WE now leave Low Wood, and along the verge of the Lake have a pleasing couple of miles to AMBLESIDE.

THIS is a straggling little market-town, made up of rough-cast white houses, but charmingly situated in the centre of three radiant vallies, *i. e.* all issuing from the town as from a centre. This shews the propriety of the Roman Station situated near the west end of this place, called AMBOGLANA, commanding one of the most difficult passes in England, for an enemy could not possibly get through this part of the country without passing this station. Roman bricks, pots, broken altars, and coins, are frequently found near its site, which is now an undefined heap of earth. A few weeks ago some neighbouring gentlemen had the paved road laid bare that leads from it over KIRKSTONE; it is about eleven feet wide, very perfect, near a foot below the present surface, and is very

traceable over the aforesaid mountain towards the Picts Wall. This formed a communication; and a detachment of the NERVII were said to be stationed here.

BEAUTIFUL woods rise half way up the sides of the mountains from AMBLESIDE, and seem wishful to cover the naked asperities of the country; but the Iron Works calling for them in the character of Charcoal, every fourteen or fifteen years, exposes the nakedness of the country. Among these woods and mountains are many frightful precipices and roaring cascades. In a still evening several are heard at once, in various keys, forming a kind of savage music. One, half a mile above the town, in a wood, seems upwards of an hundred feet fall.—About as much water as is in the New River precipitates itself over a perpendicular rock into a natural basin, where it seems to recover from its fall, before it takes a second and a third tumble over huge stones that break it into a number of streams. It suffers not this outrage quietly, for it grumbles through hollow glens and stone cavities all the way, till it meets

meets the ROTHAY, when it quietly enters the Lake.

THESE mountains produce a hardy breed of small sheep, of sweet mutton, and coarse wool. This wool is spun by the women, and woven into linsey woolsey by the men; and this is the principal manufacture through the whole of this part of Westmoreland and Lancashire.

THE thin blue slate so much esteemed in London, is got in perpendicular strata in several of these mountains; and though its lamella divide perpendicularly, the limestone strata lie nearly horizontal, though both may be in the same mountain. This blue rag is the general stone of the country—called LAVA by some, and WHINSTONE by others; but for my own part I conceive it to be a kind of BASALTES, though it does not crystalize, like the GIANT'S CAUSEWAY in IRELAND, or FINGAL'S CAVE in the HEBRIDES, in five, six, or eight fides; but it lies in a kind of cubical or rhomboidal blocks, and splits like island crystal, running in a kind of vein through several mountains in the same direction.

tion. This slate is ferried down Windermere; and embarks a few miles below on Ulverstone Bay for different countries.

ASCENDING up KIRKSTONE along the above Roman Road, with much difficulty and fatigue (though a carriage may travel over it) we turn often round to feast our eyes with the green and wooded Vales below, and are struck with several Tumuli near the summit, one near as large as that at Marlborough. From the summit, the view of PATERDALE down a steep Glen of eight or nine miles in depth, is (to form a Lilliputian idea) like viewing a Landscape through a Frame of Rock-work—but such Rock-work!—Conceive, O reader! yourself hemmed in a road between rocks twice the height of St. Paul's, rugged, overhanging, precipice above precipice! seeming ready to tumble upon you!—eagles flying over your head, and a brawling brook dashing over great stones at your feet!—Except MOUNT CENIS I never saw such a passage.

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A SMALL Lake called BROADWATER affords some striking Views to relieve the horror and tædium occasioned by this frightful Glen; and soon we arrive among flat meadows that beautify the borders of ULSWATER.

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LETTER

L E T T E R X I V .

DEAR SIR,


KESWICK, AUGUST 19.

ULSWATER LAKE is furrounded by lofty mountains like WINDERMERE, but is very inferior in picturesque beauty: the style is, however, so fimilar, that description is almost needless.

DUNMALLARD, seen over the Lake, is a round planted hill that contrasts well with the naked mountains about it; and from HARTSOP-HIGH-FIELD is a grand View, enlivened by the singular manner in which the inhabitants bring slate down a precipice.

SADDLEBACK seems to brave Heaven with its many-pointed top, and in some Views seems the King of the Mountains with a Crown upon its head.

GREYSTOCK CASTLE, a seat of the DUKE of NORFOLK, is a good house in the Border style,



style, and the country about it romantic, and in parts rich.

DALEMAIN, belonging to — HAZLE, Esq. also diversifies, with a good house and gardens, the road to PENRITH. This town is built of red freestone, but has a neat appearance, and affords every comfort after the fatigue of such a journey. In the churchyard are two single stone pillars, about four yards high, and five yards distant, said to stand at the head and feet of a huge Giant, and thence called “The Giant’s Grave.”

KING ARTHUR’S ROUND TABLE is but a little distance from PENRITH, but is now only a circular mound of earth, little bigger than a Country Cock-pit.

A VERY perfect Beacon yet stands on a hill as a monument of feudal barbarism.

IN this road to PENRITH we call at WATER MILLOCH. A gun fired here produces the loud reiterated noise of thunder, and two French-horns the effect of the sweetest concert: nothing the ear can convey to the mind approaches so near to enchantment!

enchantment! The distant mountains returning the report one after another, will continue the sound of a gun for twenty seconds, infomuch that when it seems to have ceased, in a few seconds you hear it again. This effect is still more striking on the Lake, near HALLEN MOUNTAIN, when the astounded ear would believe the whole chaos of Rocks tumbling to the center!

WILD as the scenes are, they are too wild and diversified for the painter—the whole is sublime and astonishing, but the Parts in general are too ragged and broken for a Picture. This is particularly the attribute of the Views from LYULPH'S TOWER, except the famous cascade called AIREY FORCE. Here a considerable body of water falls near forty yards perpendicular, with a tremendous noise, over craggy rocks, and if seen from the dark glen below, exhibits by its spray a vivid rainbow. Above this Water-fall (up which no fish one would suppose could ascend), and in many other brooks full of cascades, we meet with great plenty of Trout. LOUTHERBOURG has rather given the Character of the Country
than

than a Portrait of its Parts: his blue tints assimilate ill with the black complexion of these mountains: but as the Painter said to an homely Lady, "Madam, I must not spoil my Picture by a Likeness," so this ingenious Artist has adopted the same address, and made excellent Pictures out of many bad Subjects. FARRINGTON has been more faithful, with less art: his Views make good Prints, but do not give the Character of the Country. It is difficult to select, where Nature surrounds you with profusion. GILPIN, without a Portrait, has given the Character of the Country; and his Water-Tints very happily express its bold features, without minutiae.

THESE are remarks from memory—I have neither Books nor Pictures with me. Indeed it is some years since I passed through *this* particular part of the Country, and have therefore assisted my remembrance with a laborious Survey, I stumbled on by accident, written by one CLARK.

GOWBARROW is an extensive but open Park, and was some years ago covered with
tall

tall oak wood. At its upper end is GLENCOYN, a hollow wooded Valley, into which the sun never shines the whole months of November, December and January. At the head of this Glen, HELVEYLEN is seen with its snow-covered head often above the clouds. This is certainly the highest Mountain in England, and appears to me higher than BEN LOMOND in SCOTLAND.

PATTERDALE, at the head of the Lake, seems an exclusion from all the world. Shut in by mountains on one side, and by water on the other, the traveller is ready to turn his horse round, and conclude he can get no farther. Yet this was once the seat of mirth, innocence, and hospitality. Alas ! since a banditti of profligate Miners introduced vice and disease into their happy Valley, they may sing with Old HOGGART of Troutbeck,

Those joyful days are now forgot

That once we had in PATTERDALE,
When for sixpence we could have had a pot

'That held a gallon of good ale, &c.
Then curds and cream we plenty had,
And many a fillabub was made, &c.

AN

AN instance of longevity and family transactions are told of the Clergyman of this Vale that seems a paradox, though undoubtedly true: he married and buried both his father and his mother; he christened his wife, and when he married her published the banns himself.

G LETTER

LETTER XV.

DEAR SIR, KESWICK, AUGUST 19.

FROM Patterdale we join the Penrith road to Keswick; and though it is intricate and winding, it affords on every side scenes chequered with elegant variety—corn-fields—verdant meadows—peaceful cottages—silent gloomy thickets, with great masses of majestic shade formed by a retiring sun. Solitude and Peace reign here undisturbed, except by the rattling Tourist, who excites envy and false ideas of happiness among the peaceful inhabitants; for now it ceases to excite laughter or contempt, when the ruddy lass forgets her dialect, and appears at church in a tall bonnet fluttering with ribbands. Turnpike-roads have destroyed provincial manners and provincial dialects; for, as GOLDSMITH says, “Fashions now not only travel
“to the exteriors of the kingdom in stage-
“coaches, but in the very basket.” Every
place

place in this Island is now only London out of town.

I COULD once have traced the exact extent of the various DIALECTS of ENGLAND, and had them coloured in a map. I traced the limits of the SAXON BURR (or what is called the NEWCASTLE BURR) from HADDINGTON in Scotland to CHESTER-LE-STREET in the County of Durham, and made its western boundary the mountains that divide Northumberland from Cumberland. This singular croak is produced by pronouncing the *r* with the middle of the tongue instead of the tip.

IN Westmoreland there were whole vallies of DANES, all relations, and known, when they could get out of their native hollows, by their red heads, and their language being like the baaing of sheep. The Scots having possessed, and mixed with the people of this country, have left the broad *noo* and *boo* instead of *now* and *how*, which effectually distinguishes them from their neighbours in Lancashire, whose *how* and *now* is more liquid than in the South. I would call this the MERCIAN DIALECT, as it reached,

without much variation, from the north of Lancashire, through Cheshire, Shropshire, Staffordshire, and Worcestershire; or, if you will, the whole extent of the kingdom of Mercia. Dialects more south and east have run too much into one another to admit of definition; and ere long that will be the case with the whole kingdom.

A SPECIMEN of the Westmoreland Dialect I shall give in one of that Country's Riddles :

“ I went toth' wood an I gat it,

“ I fat me doon en I leakt at it ;

“ En when e saa I cudn't git't,

“ I teakt heam we ma.”

MADE IN ENGLISH THUS :

“ I went to the wood, and I got it,

“ I fat me down and I look'd at it ;

“ And when I saw I could not get it,

“ I took it home with me.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say, that the solution is, “ a thorn in the foot.”

In respect to manners and customs, they were for centuries transmitted from father to son, and much remains to be obliterated yet,
before

before the people here will be like the rest of the kingdom. Though all are Protestants, many Roman Catholic customs remain, without the people of the country being at all conscious of it, in their marriages, funerals, festivals, and superstitions; in their œconomy, domestic manners, and common employments; nay, their country music, of the serious kind, partakes still of the Romish chaunt. The Mountain spirit of Independence and Liberty lingers yet among them, as well as the hardy, daring, warlike, and manly firmness of mind by which their forefathers repelled the Scots, and preserved the Border from their incursions. Sorry am I to see this generous spirit prostituted in wagering over a market-day pot, or misled into violence by ARISTOCRATIC INFLUENCE. When this baneful prostitution cannot be kept out of almost inaccessible Mountains, no wonder it has over-run the rest of the Kingdom.

BUT to return to our Tour, and leave a HATEFUL DISEASE, which only reason and honesty can cure; let us again turn our eyes on the grand and sublime of Nature, and despise the littleness of human systems and petty competitions.

THE Village of THRELKELD is in the BARONY of GREYSTOCK, and, as well as many other Villages through the whole County, under Border-tenure.

NEAR Threlkeld is the VALE of ST. JOHN'S. I shudder when I think of this Vale! Two days after a water-spout fell here, I saw its devastations, and have the clearest idea of it to this hour, though then a child. It was in August of the year 1749, when in two hours the whole Vale was filled with water, many feet deep—not a bridge, wall, nor house was left in it. A mill was so effectually erased, that one of its stones has not been found to this day! and a little above it, the side of the Mountain was excavated into a gully that would hold St. Paul's! This rich Vale has been (in part) rendered inarable ever since; and in some parts of it stones of twenty tons weight (washed from the Mountain) are piled up in heaps by the inundation, to a dozen yards in height, and bid defiance to all attempts at removal.

SADDLEBACK figures in the scenery of this Vale; a frightfully-broken Mountain
on

on one side, and pretty smooth on the other. On its top are hideous chasms of near a thousand yards deep! and near it a Lake, or TARN (as the country-people call a small Lake), which seems the mouth of an extinguished Volcano. Many vitrified substances found on this Mountain make this conjecture not improbable, though, I must confess, I think WATER rather than FIRE has been the agent concerned in the formation of these Mountains,

L E T T E R XVI.

DEAR SIR,

KESWICK, AUG. 20,

THE road to CASTRIGG is romantic, though rich and cultivated; and on the hill is a Druidical monument, consisting of about fifty stones (placed in a circle), of such size as would almost bid defiance to the machinery and friction-balls used to remove the huge stone into the Square of Petersburg; and what is very extraordinary, these stones are of a kind not to be found within many miles of this place.

BUT the mind is called from reflection on the use or antiquity of this Temple, by the fine view these Mountains afford, viz. the VALE and LAKE of KESWICK! Yet ah! how fallen since I saw it in the year 1749 before mentioned, when the CROW-PARK, FRYER CRAGG, LORD'S ISLAND, and indeed all the shores and islands of this beautiful Lake were covered with tall oaks. The view must have been striking, when a child of ten years old had such an impression made by

by it, as not to be erased for forty years; nay, I think I could draw it from memory at this hour, if I had time. The wood was so even at top (each tree being about eighteen yards high, and very thick) that it looked like a field, and the branches so interwoven that boys would have gone from tree to tree like squirrels. The Crow Park is now a ploughed field, and a fine station for the Landscape-Painter. Most of the lands which surround the Lake were forfeited by the EARL of DERWENTWATER, and appropriated by Government to the maintenance of GREENWICH HOSPITAL, so that it was with difficulty that LORD WILLIAM GORDON, Mr. POCKLINGTON, Mr. STEVENSON, &c. could procure land to build their villas upon. These villas, however, have polished the rugged shores of the Lake, and make up in some degree for the loss of its fine woods.

I AM told that the Lake contains near thirteen hundred acres, in which are included ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND, VICAR'S ISLAND, LORD'S ISLAND, RAMPSHOLM, LING-HOLM, TRIPPET-HOLM, OTTER ISLAND, and the FLOATING ISLAND. This last is a singular curiosity,

curiosity, something of the nature of SOLWAY Moss, which some years ago floated apparently on dry land. This Floating Island is about twenty yards in diameter, nearly circular, and slopes from its center : it seems an assemblage of matted moss roots, under which a brook (swelled by great rains) insinuates itself, and swells it above the surface of the Lake ; hence it only appears in rainy weather, and sinks to the bottom in dry.

THE other Islands once broke the level equality of the Lake into striking interruptions. They do so yet in some degree ; but when Art joins Rapine to deface a country, the eye must turn to immoveables for relief ; and no where will the eye see objects to more advantage than on the Lake.

LOOK at WALLOW CRAGG from the vicinity of LORD'S ISLAND, an enormous mass of rock fifteen hundred feet high, and you might suppose you could take a Lover's leap from its top into the Lake ! Get under this huge promontory if you dare, and then every beauty of the Lake, and all that is grand and sublime around it, lie stretched out before you ! Beauty, Horror, and Magnificence,

nificence, contend like the Three Goddesses for the Apple of Approbation !—The imagination demands a CLAUDE for the cultivated Vales, the white scattered Cottages, the glassy Lake, and its wooded Isles. But a SALVATOR alone could dash out the frowning Steep, the broken Cliff, the hanging Wood, the foaming Water-fall, and the majesty of cloud-capt impending Mountains !

A COCKNEY would suppose an Air-Balloon the only vehicle by which these beauties could be visited : get into your carriage, and you will find a good road round the whole Lake. But do not sleep in it ; alight on every eminence, and every eminence will afford you an interesting prospect ; nay, if you look only through the windows, you will see Woods, Rocks, Cliffs, Mountains, vanishing or rising into view, assuming new and romantic shapes at every turn, or losing themselves behind rolling clouds.

STOP at LODORE, and above the Little Inn there is a wonderful view of the Lake, and SKIDDOW as a back ground. This place seems a door into BORROWDALE, and almost shut up by a huge overhanging rock, that seems to threaten

threaten destruction to the wight who dares to invade a place which nothing but eagles had visited till within this last thirty years.

A LITTLE above this, among and over wood-clad Rocks, foams the tremendous Cascade of LODORE ! dashing from rock to rock with a hideous roar, that may be heard many miles. But in the time of a flood, it seems to despise the gradation by which it usually descends, and flies over rocks and shrubs in one vast sheet, upwards of two hundred feet high ! It requires no small resolution to persevere in a visit to BORROWDALE, when the entrance so powerfully assaults both the eyes and ears ; but your courage will be rewarded by a scene of the wildest sequestration that perhaps ever excited human curiosity. The road is by HIGH LODORE to GRANGE, a pretty village, with a ruin on a spiral rock, from whence this Stone Vale is seen to great advantage. Imagination would say, that after the world was finished the rubbish was thrown here ! One wonders how the inhabitants could scratch a little bread from among the stones ! for the whole Vale seems made of Rocks and Stones, and it may be called the World's End without a metaphor !

Nature,

Nature, however, has not left it without its riches : the best, and almost the only black lead in the world is got here, in such abundance, that I have many years ago bought a pound for sixpence, though now it is sold as high as thirty shillings ! The mines are shut up by strong doors, and only opened at intervals.

THE Slate Quarries may also be reckoned among the natural riches of this Vale, as well as a Salt Spring near MANSETY, that cures cutaneous disorders by washing : and the Morasses here are covered with wild myrtle (called GALE), that sends forth fragrant effluvia.

If prospects be your passion, climb a rock at the water-head near HARDENDALE KNOTT, and the Lake with its Islands spreads out beneath your feet. Dr. BROWNRIGG's white House at the foot of SKIDDOW—the white Church of CROTHWAITE, and the white Town of KESWICK, beautifully spot the middle ground ; and SKIDDOW (like Mount Ida), with its double top, forms a majestic back ground. This is not a station for a painter—the objects are too many, and occupy

cupy too great a portion of the horizon. Behind, the view is made up of mighty rocks, piled up on one another in every fantastic form—Pine-Apples—Artichokes;—nay, conceive a piece of Sugar-candy magnified to an hundred times the size of St. Paul's, and that may assist the imagination.

THE sail from HARDENDALE KNOTT, in an afternoon when the sun shines on SKIDDOW, is charming; the several bays and creeks on the side of BRANLEY PARK succeed one another in varied beauty; so do the Islands. But you must now wish for your dinner; so we take leave of you once more at Kefwick, and to-morrow we mount old Father SKIDDOW.

LETTER

L E T T E R XVII.

DEAR SIR, KESWICK, AUGUST 23.

TO shew you as much as I can of this romantic country, I must take you a round-about road over SKIDDOW.

LEAVING KESWICK, we ascend a little hill above PORTINSCALE, where a fine view opens of BASSINTHWAITHE LAKE. The dark blue mountains above THORNTHWAITHE seem as if they had grown out of flat verdant fields. The landscape is spotted with white houses, and the background is the steepest side of SKIDDOW, sun-burnt into a reddish-brown colour. The road by ULLOCK and GREAT BRATHWAITE is wild and winding; but on Brathwaite brow is a bird's-eye view of the Vale of Keswick, which pays well for the fatigue of climbing to it. Here SKIDDOW and HELVEYLIN, the highest mountains in England, are seen together; the first said to be 1156 yards above Bassenthwaite Lake, and the other 1245 yards above Ullswater.

POUTER-

POUTER-How in this ride is a pretty building, under a hill of oaks, contrasted by a rugged mountain covered with loose stones; and the road all along the border of the Lake, through WYTHOP BROW, is on a steep bank covered with fine oaks. The opposite side of the Lake is seen sprinkled with white houses; among which the elegant mansion of Mr. STOREY, called MITRE-HOUSE, is seen to great advantage.

AFTER winding round huge rocks and turf bogs above a mile, we arrive at OUZE-BRIDGE, at the foot of the Lake, where it degenerates into a River, bearing the name of DARWENT, to WORKINGTON, where (after having amused us in so many ways) it empties itself into the sea. At Ouze-Bridge is a pleasantly-situated Inn, where the Horse Regatta took place in the year 1780. This whimsical piece of amusement was, to take a number of horses into the middle of the Lake, to sink the boat under them, and the first horse that swam to shore was the winner. At this place is a pretty feat of J. C. CURWEN, Esq. M. P.; and ARMATHWAITE (at a little distance,

distance above the Lake) is the beautiful feat of Mr. SPEEDING.

WE now begin to ascend lofty SKIDDOW. The road inclines round it to the north east, to lessen the declivity ; but the horses of the country climb it very well. We visit some rocks, with large regular cavities like large cauldrons, and thence called " Hell Kettles." These excavations, I apprehend, must be worn by pebbles, kept in a circular motion by the eddies in those dreadful torrents of water which tumble down mountains when heavy rains fall.

THE rich country about CARLISLE, SEBERGHAM, WIGTON, &c. now begins to appear ; but the mountain grows so steep, with nothing but a sheep-track for the road, that I alight from my galloway and lead him to the summit. Before we reached it, we passed through a stratum of fog which threatened to hide from us the distant objects we came to see. Fortunately it did not cover the top, so we rose above it, and saw it like an undulating sea beneath our feet. Oh, how we prayed for a storm of thunder

H

and

and lightning in this cloud ! But our prayer was not heard—the fog dispersed—the curtain was drawn up, and displayed to our view the Coast of SCOTLAND, the ISLE of MAN, the WELSH MOUNTAINS, &c. With a Refracting Telescope we saw the sheep on MOUNT CREFFEL on the coast of GALLOWAY, and some of our company believed they saw the mountains of MOURN in IRELAND. The View at hand was a sea of Mountains, and, like the waves of that turbulent element, thrown in all forms and directions. The Lake of Kewick appeared like a small basin, and its beautiful Vale like a landscape seen in a show-box.

WHILE the fog continued, we heard the lowing of cattle from the bottom of the Mountain, as if they had been close at hand ; and, considering the rolling surface of fog as a sea, the sound appeared to come from the bottom of it. This effect was surprizing, and accounts for the long reiterated sound of thunder. One of our company fired a gun : the reverberation from the different mountains continued twenty seconds, and was thunder in all its horrors !

OUR

OUR Levels were now fixed, and we found HELVEYLIN and CROSSFELL higher than SKIDDOW. The Barometer fell to 26. 3.; and the Thermometer to 51. though in the Valley it stood at 79. Fahrenheit's scale.

AFTER drinking our friends in the nether world, we began to descend on the Kefwick side of the Mountain, down a sheep-track steep and rugged: here, however, we had nothing to attend to but our feet till we arrived at Armathwaite, the seat of the ingenious Dr. BROWNRIGG, who opened the way to the discovery of fixed air, by his judicious analysis of the Pyrmont and Spa waters. This house makes a good feature in the Vale of Kefwick; and though snugly, is elegantly seated at the foot of Skiddow. The Vicarage is said to afford the sweetest View of any in this country. It is certainly very fine, and but little out of the road to Kefwick.

LETTER XVIII.

DEAR SIR,

KESWICK, AUG. 25.

KESWICK has been more considerable formerly than now ; but being the general head-quarters of numerous Tourists, it improves fast, particularly in Inns and Accommodation ; and the inhabitants begin to feel (as at Watering-Places) that it is very convenient to make the Summer provide for the Winter.

IN this Town there is a WILL WIMBLE, of great use to inquisitive Tourists. This officious CICERONI shows off the Lions of the Town and Neighbourhood to great advantage. He is Commander in Chief when a Squadron of Boats attack Pocklington's Island, and carry the Cellars sword in hand. He also possesses a Museum of local Fossils and other Curiosities, which prove very useful for a lounge on a wet day ; and many such days we must endure if we stay long at Keswick. The suddenness of the showers surprises

prizes strangers ; for at a time when the sky is clear, and every other indication of a fine day appears, a black cloud will start up instantly from behind a Mountain, and if you are not very near a house, ten to one you are wet before you can run an hundred yards. The mountain winds are also an annoyance ; for the reflection of the Sun's rays from rock to rock heats the air of the Vallies so much, that to restore a level or an equilibrium, the cold air from the Mountains rushes down their sides with a troublesome impetuosity.

THE Moon was at full—the evening fine—and, remembering a nocturnal expedition on the Lake many years since, a repetition of it was recommended, and as readily complied with by the party. Two French-horns were placed in a convenient Echo on shore, and we embarked on the glassy bosom of the Lake, directing the horns to play by intervals. Let no one visit Kewick without a sail by moonlight ! The scene is so placid, so tranquil, it soothes every care, and harmonizes the most jarring passions !

H 3

WE

WE rest on our oars, and listen to the horns—Echo makes them a full concert ! Every Rock lends its sweet voice in wild accompaniment—those at a distance in soft *Piano*, and those at hand in bold *Fortissimo* ! The accommodating ear, prone to deceive itself, hears Flutes, Violins, Clarinets, in this assemblage; while LODORE thunders a ground Bass with its roaring cascade ! Now a gentle breeze carries away the sound, and LODORE alters his key :—the breeze ceases, and the music descends again upon us !—Is it a Choir of Angels ascending and descending ? Is it fairy-ground realized ? or an Arabian Night's Entertainment ?—Reason gives the reins to Imagination, and visions play before the fascinated senses—Sylphs and Fairies cease to have only poetical existence—the eye beholds them, and the ear hears them !—Tritons blow their shells round the Boat, and join the general harmony !—Blest Imagination ! what is Reason or Philosophy without thee !—How should we get through this Vale of Tears without thy help ?—Call that Rock a Giant—This, the dread Chimera—That, a Centaur—Make
every

every Mount a Monster ; for among the undefined forms that surround us, the mind may mould a new creation.

BUT let us awake from this dream. The music ceases, and a silence ensues that may almost be felt. Again we ply our oars, and express our happiness :—again we mark the mellowed Light and Shade, and the soft mantle thrown by LUNA “ o’er the face of “ things.”—Where are fled thy horrors, WALLOW CRAGG ? SKIDDOW becomes a colourless Contour—the rocks of BORROWDALE a Paste. Now quivers a stream of mild effulgence o’er the Lake, pointing to us, with the Moon impending below it. The downward shrubs, hanging from the Rocks, stand upright in the Lake, and seem by reflection a Wood below the bottom of our Boat.—So smooth our motion, the Islands seem to approach us, and we are at rest The whole Landscape is in motion—the indented Horizon puts on new indentations every moment.—We land, and the enchantment ceases !

“ADIEU ye Sylvan delights!—Rocky
 “KESWICK, adieu!” Care calls me to
 the Capital, and I must obey her obdu-
 rate Commands.—Oft do I look behind me,
 as I climb thy prospect-yielding-hill, O
 CASTRIGG!

LETTER

LETTER XIX.

DEAR SIR, AMBLESIDE, AUG. 27.

THYRLMERE, alias LEATHES WATER, alias WITHBURN WATER, makes its appearance.—We approach it by LEATHES PARK, and are presently hemmed in by this ant-like Lake, and lofty Helveylin (this name is certainly Celtic). The scene degenerates, tho' we are traversing the skirts of the highest Mountain in England. In vain we look for its top from the road; nothing salutes the eye but large loose stones, which seem to threaten destruction to the traveller below. They say a thunder-shower tumbling down this Mountain in numberless cascades is a singular and an alarming spectacle.

WITHBURN, at the head of this Lake, is a scattered group of poor houses; every thing about it looks cold and comfortless. The salary of its wretched Chapel was two pounds ten shillings per annum until QUEEN ANNE's Bounty was procured for it. Before
this

this the Clergyman had what the people here call a "Whittlegate" among his congregation, viz. he lived from house to house among them, and his stay was in proportion to the circumstances of his entertainer. The principal landholder here is obliged to keep a bull, a stallion, and a boar for the use of his neighbours.

THE road to RAISE GAP is very good, and of an easy ascent. By some, this boundary of the Counties of Cumberland and Westmoreland is called DUNMAIL RAISE, perhaps from the Cairn or large Tumulus raised over the body of DUNMAIL, King of Cumberland, who is said to have been slain here by our Saxon EDMUND, and MALCOLM King of Scotland. This monument is so near the road that a stranger cannot miss it,

HELM CRAGG is here a notable object; something like a large castle blown up by gunpowder; and snug beneath an amphitheatre of mountains lurks the sweet Vale of GRASSMERE. This seems a retreat for Arcadian Shepherds, guarded by almost inaccessible

accessible rocks from the vices and follies of the world. A beautiful Lake is in the middle of this round Vale; and in the middle of the Lake a large Wooded Island. A flat Peninsula also pushes itself into the Lake, on which stands a Village of white houses, and a picturesque Church. The road is a terrace to this sequestered scene, and invites the Tourist to alight and walk.

RYDALL WATER next attracts notice. It is a small Lake beautifully spotted with little Islands, and from it rises a vast Mountain, covered half way up with woods. And now the ancient seat of the FLEMINGS salutes the eye with its white face—it sticks in the end of a craggy mountain like a bird’s-nest in a broken wall. It is an old aukward house, but beautifully situated at the front of several inclining vallies, having the Town and Vale of Ambleside, with Windermere Lake, full in front. The large and ancient woods that clothe the sides of the surrounding mountains—the rich pastures at their bottoms, contrasted with the rocks and cascades above, make the seat of Sir
MICHAEL

MICHAEL LE FLEMING a curiosity at least, if it has no pretensions to magnificence.

ABOVE the house, and through a wood of fantastic old trees, we are led to a Cascade of great fall, among rocks that break it into sheets in all downward directions; and near the house is another, seen through the window of a Summer-house. This has a striking effect; for over the head of the Cascade is an old Bridge, and over that a thicket of tall trees—and over that a dark Mountain—and over that, perhaps, a dark cloud. In short, an artificial night gives a solemnity to the noise and indistinct view of this Cascade, which fills the mind with terror and amazement.

LET-

L E T T E R XX.

DEAR SIR,

KENDAL, SEPT. 1.

FROM RYDALL HALL we pass over a little of our former ground, viz. by Ambleside, Low Wood, and Troutbeck-Bridge. We then leave the Bowness road, and strike off upon the left to KENDAL. At Oresthead we take a parting view of Windermere, and a very good station it is either for the Painter or Tourist.

INGS CHAPEL next attracts our attention as an elegant building, and more particularly by its history.

ABOUT the beginning of this century one BATEMAN, a poor lad about sixteen, had acquired a little knowledge of arithmetic, and wished to try his fortune in the Capital. He had neither money nor friends; but a laudable custom of the country operated in his favour, viz. After service the Congregation assemble and make a collection to help forward indigent merit. With this bounty in his pocket, he set off on foot,

foot, and was soon made happy in a place where he had plenty of victuals, and nothing to do but clean the shoes, the knives, and the stable. It was soon found out that he neither sold his master's hay, wore his shoes, or pilfered candle-ends or kitchen-fat; nay, moreover, that he could read and write. This necessarily brought him into the Warehouse, where he acquitted himself so well, that the Counting-house succeeded. The Merchant into whose family he had the good fortune to stumble, had large concerns in Italy. Our hero was sent to Leghorn as a Factor, where he commenced Merchant himself, and in a few years acquired such a fortune that he sent over money to rebuild the Church where he received his first donation, and also an handsome house, seen on the left a little farther.

I AM happy to rescue from oblivion this Westmoreland WHITTINGTON, and wish I could finish his history as well as it began. Alas! he wound up his affairs, put his property and himself on board his last ship, and was coming to enjoy himself, and make his
native

native country happy, when he died in the Straits of Gibraltar, not without suspicion of poison. The ship returned to Italy—the property was lost.

KENDAL is a clean-looking town, and consists principally of one street, about a mile long. The houses are built of the rough stone of the country, so hard, that it bids defiance to the chissel; the interstices are filled up with rough-cast mortar, which gives the houses a white and uncommon appearance. The walking part of the street is paved with limestone pebbles, so very slippery, that the inhabitants acquire a catch in their walk, as if on ice; and strangers often get a fall. Like most country towns, it is made up of good and bad houses oddly mixed together.—It boasts no public building of note, except its Church, which is one of the largest Parish-churches in England.

THE old Castle, on a round hill opposite the town, is a fine Ruin. It incloses about an acre and an half of ground, and has consisted of round and square towers, united by curtains built on the inner bank of a deep dry ditch, surrounding

surrounding the whole. The vaults (of great extent) remain, and the plan of the interior dwelling may be easily traced. The walls are of vast thickness, consisting of rough stones thrown promiscuously together, and united into an impenetrable solid by fluid mortar, now as hard as the stone itself*.

THE situation is noble. An high hill in the middle of a Vale is a fine object of itself; but when crowned with a Castle in ruins, it is a Picture. This Castle boasts great antiquity. It was in possession of many eminent families long before the Conquest. The TAILEBOIS, the HOWARDS, &c. have possessed it since: CATHERINE PARR, the Queen of Henry VIII. was born here, and many of the Barons of Kendal who resided here possessed half the county for an estate.

* Fluid mortar, mixed with pounded limestone, hardens into an impenetrable solid; and I believe is the cement of the ancients.

THE

THE Town looks well from the Castle. The Ken washes its skirts *, and high ground behind screens it from the North.

ON the declivity of this ground is a Tumulus as large as that at Marlborough, and no doubt covers the remains of some antient warrior. On this hill in 1788 an Obelisk was erected, sacred to LIBERTY and the memory of the REVOLUTION.

THE material that furnishes bread for the numerous manufacturers of Kendal, is the coarse wool of the neighbouring mountains. This is wove into Linsey, and into Blankets for the North American Indians; hence the little hills above the town are surrounded with tenters, which adds another singularity to the appearance of this place.

KNIT-STOCKINGS is another article that employs many thousands of women; but Lincolnshire wool must be mixed with the staple of the country to make good stockings. Silk and cotton have also crept into their simple fabrics, as luxury increases.

* Would to God it washed away the horrid stench the tanners make, who line and contaminate the river!

THE trade of this town will be much benefited by the Lancaster Canal now in contemplation. The reciprocation in this work will be coals and limestone—Westmoreland wants coals, Lancashire limestone. This Canal is intended to reach from Kendal to Lancaster, and from thence to Preston, where it will join the Leeds and Liverpool Canal, and open a Water-communication with every part of the kingdom. Every friend to the trade and enterprizing spirit of these countries must give his hearty support or hearty good wishes to this undertaking. It embraces the general good, Private views seem banished, from the fair and open propositions now offered to public patronage by the disinterested and judicious patriots who have estimated its practicability. It seems very wonderful, that in this uneven country a Canal should be capable of extending ninety miles without a Lock.

WE return to Lancaster, and returning to London by the same route with which we set out, here ends my Journal.

TRAVELLING REMARKS

WRITTEN ON THE SPOT IN AN

EXCURSION TO PARIS,

THROUGH

Brighthelmston, Dieppe, and Rouen,

IN THE YEAR M,DCC,LXXXV.

BY THE SAME.

TRAVELLING REMARKS

WRITTEN ON THE SPOT IN A

EXCURSION TO PARROT

THROUGH

The two towns of the ... and Har-
Bathurst, Dispersed and ...

other ... in the year ...

Went ... the same ...

was one ... the same ...

points for ... the same ...

the ... the same ...

how ... the same ...

Went ... the same ...

thel ... the same ...

and ... the same ...

came to the well ...

The ...

ON Monday the 8th of AUGUST 1785,
Dr. M——, Mr. F——, my Son and
Myself, set off for France in the stage to
BRIGHTHELMSTON, a town built of round
pebbles on a high sea-beach, where people
bathe, and are carried into the water on four-
wheel boxes.

THE town seems to be inhabited by Har-
pies and Cormorants, who assemble like
other Fowl at a certain time of the year to
prey upon debilitated Nobility, gouty old
Women, and greasy Citizens. Our first bill
was one pound three shillings and three-
pence for supper, viz. eight shillings for a
few small foals, three shillings for a bed,
frowzy and ill-made,—& *sic de similibus*.

WHILST waiting for the Packet, we
strolled round the town and neighbourhood,
and found the ruins of a Monastery, about a
mile to the westward of it.

THE fine smooth hills surrounding, or rather running along the coast, are all limestone and chalk to within three inches of the surface: many of their extensive fides are covered with wheat, barley, oats, and pease, in very large farms.

WE were present for a few minutes at a Ball, and saw some of those tame and lifeless attempts at the dance called COTILLON which is a common affectation at SCARBOROUGH, HARROWGATE, &c.—The spirited English Country-Dance is so *cotillonized* by our insipid people of quality, that it ceases to animate either the dancers or lookers-on!

ANOTHER satire on the Loungers of this place is the number of Toyshops in every street, filled with every childish vagary.

TUESDAY.

AFTER paying two shillings each for being carried on board, and two shillings *per* head custom, we sailed at ten this evening, in company with Mr. and Miss WRAXALL
and

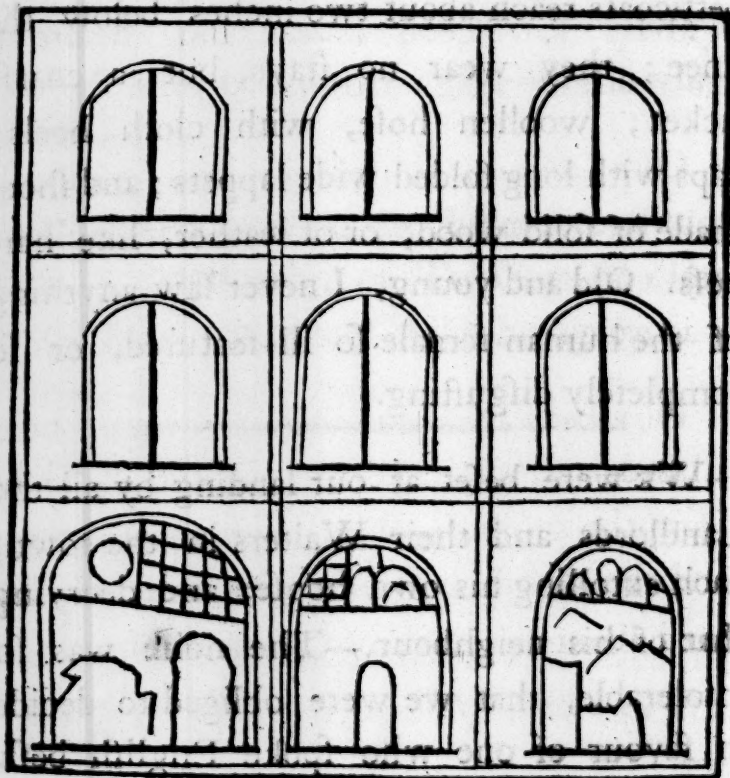
and several Ladies, in the ———, Captain KILLOCK, with a fair wind ;—and, after experiencing all the inconveniences of a dreadful sea-sickness, arrived in sight of land about nine o'clock next day.

PUT into a pilot-boat five miles from shore, on a rolling sea, and entered DIEPPE amid such a race of old women as I never before beheld. Indeed it appears to me since, that two women out of three in the whole town are above seventy years of age. They are lean and ill-favoured to a degree of horror. Their petticoats reach about two inches below the knee ; they wear no stays, but a coarse jacket ; woollen hose, with cloth heels ; caps with long folded wide lappets ; and shoes made of solid wood, or of leather, like harness. Old and young, I never saw anything of the human female so ill-featured, or so completely disgusting.

WE were beset at our landing by all the Landlords and their Waiters in the town, each extolling his own house, and decrying that of his neighbour.—The noise was so intolerable, that we were obliged to decide in favour of one who spoke English best,

while the rest declared his Hotel a "damned
"stinking house."

WE were led through a town of greater regularity of building than any I ever beheld ; but it consisted as much in the ragged appearance from linen hanging out at the windows, and these latter being all broken or open, as in the great similarity of the houses, which I apprehend must have been built after some dreadful fire, or an Arret from the King, being all something like the following sketch.



THERE

THERE are two fine Cathedrals, with gaudy Altars and private Chapels ; and a curious Castle, on a high chalk cliff, all Gothic. We saw also another Church, the front of which has some pretensions to beauty ; but the whole town stinks so abominably, and every object animate and inanimate puts one so much in mind of Popery and Despotism, that I am visited with sickness, as if I was still at sea. In short, the place looks like a fine town in ruins, or as one might suppose a town after a siege, or a place after a riot !—I never saw any thing before so truly disgusting !

OUR dinner, however, was good ; it consisted of soup and bouillie, mackerel, and veal cutlets *à la François* ; and the Burgundy was excellent.

OUR beds are about four feet high, being all beds and mattresses from about six inches from the ground.—The blankets are cotton, and the whole bed resembles those of England about the reign of Queen Anne.

THE

THE floors are all paved with brick, if the house be five stories high;—the furniture appears as if made by one of our worst country carpenters;—and in all, there seems to be dirt in all its glory! In short, the people and houses are very like Scotland, but much worse in their appearance. Yet there is much affectation of ornament, such as red colours, gilding, carving, &c. The men and women also universally wear rings and other ornaments in their ears; and round their necks they have gold crosses if they have not a shoe to their foot.

WE have just dined in our two-bedded chamber, for they have neither parlours nor dining-rooms in the Inns here. Our Host came after dinner with a Parrot on his finger, which entertained us with the song of *Malbrook*.

WE heard three female dealers in fish scold.—They spoke all at once—very loud—and with more attitudes and striking gestures than any orators of the same calling I ever saw.

MAKING

MAKING lace seems to be the female manufactory of this place: a dozen women sit in a circle, and with their bobbins form an accompaniment to their songs.

Our baggage was taken up by a female, on a wheel-barrow almost as big as a dray; she supported it by straps from her shoulders, while her husband thrust at one of the shafts. We paid nothing at the Custom-house.

We did not see a gentleman's carriage in the whole place, nor any thing like a Gentleman, and but one female who had the appearance of a Lady. When we called for our bill, the landlady brought in a large book like a Merchant's Ledger.

WEDNESDAY.

SET forward towards ROUEN in a cabriolet, and three horses a-breast: no springs, but every part of our tackle worse than that of an Irish car: the postillion cracked his whip round his head all the way through Dieppe as loud as an ordinary cohorn. We then entered a rich corn country, unclosed, but of a deep, loamy, rich clay foil.—

soil.—The plains of wheat were extensive, but not a fine tall and full-fed crop: the oats looked very poor, as well as the barley.—The road, an avenue of apple-trees; and the prospects finely diversified with woods and small hills.—The houses were built of clay and thatch, but very few; and the villages were small.

WE called at TOSTE, a villainous Inn, where a piece of bad beef was roasting, and which the cook impertinently told us was all we should have. Being determined our eating should be all French, we would neither dine nor spend anything.

WHILE we stayed here, the Diligence arrived—a huge machine, carrying eight within, and three in a sort of open chaise fixed before.—On the basket were parcels of some hundreds weight, and the like before; but of all the clumsy ill-executed vehicles I ever saw, this was the worst.

OVERTAKEN by our fellow-voyagers;—did not like their company, though they made advances.—Our horses ill tired, rode
slowly

slowly through a sweet country, finely wooded and romantic. In charity to our horses, called at a *Poste Royale*, or what we call a Hedge-alehouse, where we found twenty peasants at dinner some helping themselves out of a soup-pan set on a chafing-dish of coals, on the middle of the table. We got some veal like carrion; but a cylindrical cheese about as thick as my arm, and four inches long, which was very good, and two bottles of tolerable Burgundy, made us and our convivial postillion very happy; for we all sat down together in the same room with the country-people, who were more civil to us than JOHN BULL would have been to four Frenchmen who laughed at every thing they saw.

OUR approach to ROUEN was beautiful!—the country covered with houses and bleach-greens for four miles:—indeed so few houses, or villages, or people, did we see from Dieppe, that we could not but wonder how such large tracts came to be so well cultivated. We approached Rouen through an avenue of tall trees cut like a vista,—

vista,—and the town had a grand and antique appearance.—We put up at the Hotel de France, ill tired.

ROUEN abounds with antique curiosities.—The Cathedral of Notre Dame is a most beautiful Gothic pile, with a cove Chancel like Canterbury, but in perfect preservation; and the inclosed Choir with brass partitions between each pillar is rich, elegant, and magnificent beyond description. In this Chancel lies Richard I. of England, and his son, a Duke of Bedford, with an Earl of Warwick. The palm-tree at the high Altar is bold, elegant, and full of fancy. One of the Steeples with the frustum of a Spire exceeds in images, decoration, and design, any Tower we have in England. The middle Tower is topt with a ridiculous wooden Spire that is perfectly French, and disgraces the whole Cathedral. The multiplicity of images, paintings, gildings, &c. would require a volume to describe them.

THE Town is exactly what ours was about a hundred years ago—all of wood—
projecting

projecting one story over another ; so that, from the narrowness of the streets, the place seems dark at noon. We viewed the bridge of boats over the Seine, which seems strong, and well appointed ; but as a Spy followed us, and watched all our motions, we thought it prudent to retire.—The Gates are superb and modern ; the Barracks extensive, new, and of fine Architecture.

ROUEN appears to be wonderfully populous ; and many well-drest people are walking about bare-headed, wearing bags and black clothes. The shops are open down to the level of the street their whole width, and the articles which are sold in them seem in general to be manufactured in them also.

PRIESTS of various denominations infest this place, as I suppose is the case in all other towns in France :—they wear black gowns in the streets, go bare-headed, except a round black patch on the back part of the head, and look more plump and well-favoured than any other order of the people : I could not but remark the singular thickness of their
necks,

necks, and how much they look the pictures of peace and plenty.

THE Cardinal-Archbishop's Palace just behind the Cathedral seems to be a very extensive, old, and superb building;—but we only saw its outside.

THE Town has a most antique look in every part—has shops almost at every door, but seemingly with little business. Bells are continually ringing at one or more of the Churches; and here is the same sort of stink as at Dieppe, though not quite so bad.

THE people of the lower order also dress like those of Dieppe; the women appearing when they walk as if their waists were a sort of hinge, by which their upper and lower parts were connected; for one part is turning one way, when the other is turning another.—Their petticoats are a little longer than at Dieppe—and some heads have feathers, and dressed as in London, though their dress be of linsley or coarse woollen, with stamped cotton cloaks of various colours, and

and wooden shoes or flippers.—I have not seen a woman with a Hat or Bonnet since I landed ;—they ride to market with only a cap on, and travel both on foot and horse-back in the same way. The Lawyers neither wear bags, nor club their hair ; but wear it smoothed down the back, ending in a small curl near the rump.

COMMON men wear red or white Caps of woollen like a night-cap—very few hats. A man puts his legs into a jack-boot with his shoes and stockings on, each boot being as thick nearly as my body, and weighing about sixteen or eighteen pounds.

THERE are always two beds in a room, as I hear a Frenchman and his wife seldom sleep in the same bed.

THE floors are all hexagonal bricks, their joinings filled with powder, which no sweeping can displace ; for washing of rooms is a luxury which the French seem not to have found out.

THE windows here, as at Dieppe, are all casements, opening in the middle from top to bottom.

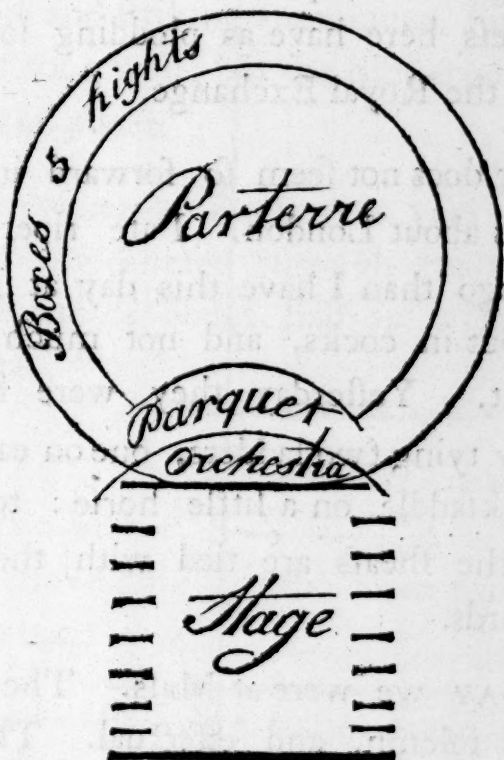
FURNITURE is elegant in design, but ill executed. Not a fire-grate in the Inn—wood fires on the hearth—and stoves heated with charcoal for cookery; which suits my palate wond'rous well.—The Burgundy here is excellent.

DINED at Mr. S——'s, a Manufacturer of Pottery, on a large scale, and who married a Sister of the late LORD ROCKINGHAM, and is a sensible jolly fellow. A fine fat jocosé and sensible English Priest of the name of A—— was of the party; and Lady Harriet, her Daughter, and Son, were all very agreeable.—We called on Sir J—— P—— and Lady, who are here, and are very agreeable people.

IN the morning we visited Mr. H——'s Manufactory, where twelve hundred people are employed. This man was in the Rebellion of 1745, and fled to France, where he has established the Cotton and Velvet trade of Manchester, and seems to fabricate it better, but not with the sleight or taste.—We saw the manufactory in all its stages, and it is certainly becoming hostile to Manchester, though

though they undersell the French at present ;
but the fabric is better.

RETURNED to the Comedy, a well-con-
trived and elegant Theatre, being round like
this :



The Actors very indifferent—Dialogue without
Incident—Action and Dresses nothing extraor-
dinary—Very thin of company—and our admit-
tance seven-pence halfpenny into the Parterre,
and half-a-crown into the Boxes. I think, when

we consider the French as a merry unthinking people, we do them injustice; for so far as I have seen of them at present, they both look and act with more gravity than the English. At the Play they seem neither to clap nor hiss with English intemperance; and the people of business here have as plodding looks as those on the Royal Exchange.

FRUIT does not seem so forward in Normandy as about London. I ate riper plums a week ago than I have this day at Rouen. Hay is out in cocks, and not much of the corn cut. Yesterday they were housing corn, by tying two ladders, one on each side of a pack-saddle on a little horse: to these ladders the sheafs are tied with their ears downwards.

TO-DAY we were at Mass. The mummery is solemn, and effectual. The Serpent assists the Bass voices, but the Mass we heard was ill-composed, dull, and uninteresting. The Serpents were played by an inferior order of Priests, and relieved at intervals by a fantastically-played organ. The Priests, to the number of about thirty, sat in stalls round the Altar, which was semicircular,

cular, on pillars, with images, and carving and gilding of great richness, magnificence, and beauty!

WE ascended an high hill that overlooks the town, and from which it has a most picturesque and striking appearance, surrounded with a strong wall; but the hills about it command the place.

THE water at ROUEN is very soft and clear, being filtered through chalk hills.— The Seine is about half as wide as the Thames.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 12th.

DINED at Mr. S——'s, a very polite and attentive family, who were exceedingly civil to me.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 13th.

BREAKFASTED at Sir John P-----'s, and set off by the Diligence for PARIS at a Louis d'or a-head, seven in the Coach.— Travelled through a rich corn country, every inch covered with tolerable grain, and wooded with apple-trees. We saw many handsome Country-houses, but so few Villages or

Houses, that to myself it still remains a mystery how the vast tracts are either cultivated or reaped. Though the corn was quite ripe we saw very few reapers, and suppose they rather work by night. In passing through NORMANDY we every-where saw Shepherds' cots on wheels, very sensible and useful, for following the sheep from place to place.

THE most beautiful part of our journey was performed in the night.—Day broke at St. DENIS, a beautiful village, but which we purpose to see particularly hereafter.

THE approach to PARIS was by several Crosses, like those of QUEEN ELEANOR's at the resting-places of her husband's corpse, and which were built by a pious Queen of France on a similar occasion. We drove through narrow streets of tall white stone houses to the General Office, where the baggage of all countries is examined, and strangers enter their names.

WE then took coach, and drove to the Hotel d'Espagne over the Pont Neuf, and agreed for eleven livres *per* night for four beds---mine a very genteel one.

PARIS

PARIS seems to have the same ragged appearance as the other towns of France, but an air of grandeur and magnificence meets the eye everywhere. The Statue of HENRY IV. on the Pont Neuf is colossal and striking; but the Horse has too large a belly for an Englishman's ideas of equestrian beauty.---The two Towers of Notre Dame have by no means so noble an appearance as those of Westminster Abbey; and on passing the Bridge, I must confess myself a little disappointed in the look of the Louvre:---however, all this is prejudging, for we had but a glimpse as we passed in the fiacre.

MONDAY, AUGUST 15.

YESTERDAY, notwithstanding our want of sleep the preceding night, we strolled about all day.---And here indeed my subject multiplies so greatly upon me, that I find it difficult where and how to begin.

WE first went to the Observatory, which stands very high, and is itself a very lofty and magnificent building. From its top we surveyed the town *en gros*; and indeed a prodigious town it is! Considering its closeness,

it must be more than two-thirds as large as London and Westminster.---It had a remarkably *white* appearance—no smoke—but to the north seemed, as far as the eye could reach, a Vale full of Houses, and Steeples, and Domes:—This Observatory seems to be little used. There is a magnificent Meridian Line of brass, decorated with the Signs of the Zodiac, cross a large room, with a perforation atop to let in a ray to see on the floor the time of noon, and the Sun's progress north or south in the Ecliptic. There are two Semi-globes, I suppose for equatorial Telescopes, like those at Greenwich; but Mons. CASSINI was out of the way, so we saw no instruments: the building seems, however, firm, is as big as a castle, and well calculated for observation.

THIS day being the Assumption of the Virgin, a grand Fête and High Mass was performed by the Archbishop of Paris in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. We were in the Gallery, just over the High Altar, and saw the whole ceremony conveniently—indeed with wonder!

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THE Archbishop's dress was a most rich cope over other garments of great beauty : on his head a mitre of gold, in his hands a crozier, and a superb cross was carried before him. The first procession was from the Choir into the body of the church : First, six Boys in white, with bare and shaven heads ; then about twenty Canons of the Church in copes, and fur cloaks on their arms ; next forty or fifty Priests of different orders in rich dresses ; after whom came the Archbishop, preceded by the cross and crozier, and his train borne by a Secular.—Music of deep voices (like the baa'ing of a large calf) accompanied by Serpents, solemnized this ceremony ; and on the return of the procession into the Choir, the Archbishop blessed the people all the way. The Archbishop then took his seat, and music of various kinds took place with Voices, Violoncellos, Bassoons, &c. some very fine, and more indifferent. This was at intervals relieved by an harpsichord lesson on the organ, which was to the ear, what a fool's cap clapt on the Bishop's mitre would have appeared to the eye ! After some time Mass began by the Archbishop, who indeed performed

formed it with great solemnity, apparent devotion, and with great effect on a most numerous congregation.

THE whole of this Fête was awful and magnificent;—indeed our Church has torn a little too much of the Lace and Ruffles from our Religion, at least for its militant effect. I could not but wonder at the appearance of devotion in every face, from those decorated with the *Cordon Bleu* and Cross of St. Louis, to those without rags to cover them.

ALL the shops were shut up. We wanted a book; but the Bookseller told us his shop was shut, though he was dining in a room adjoining, and it seemed open.

WE visited the Carmelites Church, the most beautiful for its size I ever beheld, and full of fine pictures. The Annunciation, by GUIDO, is a most charming picture. The Virgin is just what one might suppose a modest woman would look, upon being told by a superior Being what she was to be an instrument of to mankind:—the Angel perhaps too simple and childish.

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WE visited a Monastery of Benedictine Monks, where we met all English---many from Lancashire, and all seemingly very happy. Our visit was to the body of JAMES II. of England, who lies (as we do) about five feet from the floor, in a state coffin. The effigies of his face---taken off in plaister just after his death---in wax, lies in a box, by his body, where I supposed I could see some of those lineaments by which his character was distinguished. We invited the Monks to dine with us ; they promised ; and I am told we shall find them a set of fine jolly fellows. They shewed us the pictures of all the Pretender's family, but spoke with much modesty of them all.

THE Pont Neuf is a paltry bridge in comparison of those over the Thames—even the worst. It touches on the end of an island in the Seine, on which Notre Dame, &c. stands; and has many shops, and many fantastical cries, sales, and other interruptions upon it. A little above is a bridge covered with houses, just as I remember London Bridge some thirty years ago.

WE

WE have been at the Concert Spirituale in the Theatre of the Louvre. The music was good, and very well performed; much like ours of Hanover-square.---BABINI, an Italian of taste, sung two pieces with great feeling and expression, though his voice had neither powers nor sweetness. A coxcomb played an accompanied Solo with astonishing execution; but that was all: his tone was bad, and his expression worse. The French still retain a hitch in their Close, which has ceased to be the fashion in England, but which I exceedingly admire: it was conspicuous in the vocal as well as instrumental performers. The Cadences were rather flourishes of execution than taste; but upon the whole their *Crescendo* and *Diminuendo* time, as well as the pointedness of their Pause, was really better than in our general Concerts in London. A Canon was sung as the last piece (which I suppose was to give the Concert Character, for there was nothing Spiritual in it besides) by three men with charming voices, and in a style and taste exceeding

exceeding any thing of the kind I ever heard.

THE Theatre is an oval; the Stage or Orchestra takes up one end of it: Boxes one above another like our Opera-house, and the Pit or Parterre has seats. The house was ill lighted, and not very full; but their clapping was sometimes in my opinion improper.

THERE were a few handsome Women in the house, and more dressed with such exuberance about the head, that the face seemed the least part of the assemblage.

THE Men seem emaciated, black, thin, fallow, lank, but of strong stamina. They walk with their hats under their arms, because the œconomy of the head must not be disarranged: indeed it is so well dressed and powdered, that when the wind is high, the distress becomes very serious; for if it blows the same way Monsieur is walking, his hair returns to its natural state, hanging pendent over

over his face and ears, instead of standing in flakes perpendicular.

ENTERING a Church alone, I saw a Lady in a veil enter, with an air of gentility, and a tolerable face. She immediately prostrated herself before the Altar, said a few *Aves*, and crossed herself; when I perceived she made up towards me, and as she crossed me lifted up her white veil, and gave me a look which could not be misunderstood.—She walked towards the door, and while she dipped one hand in the holy water, she lifted her veil with the other, repeating the same inviting look. I walked out after her, when she put her arm under mine, with “ Ah! “ *Monf. Anglois, &c.*” on which a most ridiculous scene ensued! for she spoke French so fast I did not understand one word she said; and I suppose, had I spoken Chinese to her I should have been equally intelligible as speaking English, or broken French:—so on we walked in this laughable dilemma the length of a street, she all the way staring me full in the face, much at a loss, I dare say, whether she had not picked up a madman. At last I suppose she was convinced; for she
with-

withdrew her arm, and laughing turned back again to finish her devotions.

THE air and manner of the Women here is such a mixture of elegance and fluttishness, of neatness and nastiness, of dress and undress, in short such an half and half hotch-potch of every thing charming and disgusting, that I can give no utterance to my present ideas of their character.

THE Louvre would take a volume to describe it. It runs more than a quarter of a mile parallel with the River; and the part which fronts the Thuilleries is indeed a most noble and beautiful piece of architecture. But the ruinous and unfinished state it is in, the broken and patched windows, and the nastiness thrown down and daubing such superb walls, excites such a mixture of wonder and pity, of magnificence and poverty, that one hangs half-way between admiration and laughter.

GRAPES are not yet ripe, so we get no fruit but cherries, plums, and ill-flavoured melons: of these, and one dish of coffee
(half

(half of warm milk), I breakfast. Indeed, my bed-chamber is our dining-room, breakfast-parlour, &c. I have a magnificent Commode to put my clothes, &c. in, yet scarce a drawer will open without address and coaxing. The Tables are deal, covered with showy oil-cloth; the Chairs elegant enough to look at, but few that are sound and whole. The Floor is oak, and a man keeps it bright with brushes on his feet. The Hangings are scarlet, silk damask, and very handsome; and the Bed six feet wide and five feet high; but the Sashes have no pullies nor weights.

VISITED Mr. S——, who keeps a Mathematical-Instrument-Shop near the Palais Royale, and who received us with much politeness. We then visited the Palais Royale, which is indeed a most superb, elegant, and extensive building.---Much astonished at the number of gay shops of all kinds in its lower apartments, and the number of well-dressed people walking in the Piazzas before them. The shops are small in comparison of those of London, but set off to the greatest advantage

advantage for show. There are many Print-shops containing most of our good Prints, but none of our Caricaturas. There is a French one of Lord GEORGE GORDON, where he is represented as fine as a Dancing-master, stuck all over with feathers.

WE have yet only seen the outside of this Palace, and have much to see in its apartments: indeed this city grows upon us; its public buildings both in number and magnificence most certainly exceed London.

ON Tuesday evening we were at the Italian Opera, where a Madame St. HUBERTI was said to be very great in *Dido*: to me, however, she appeared extravagant and vulgar; her action was rant, and her singing made up of affectation and screaming. The Scenes were fine; and the Orchestra staunch, expressive, and various. It was the joint production of old MARMONTEL and PICCINI, and as an Opera very excellent in its kind; though I cannot (with all my passion for Music) but think an Opera the most absurd and unnatural production that ever called forth the genius and invention of mankind!

The company was numerous and genteel. The house consists of five tiers of Galleries, each containing two rows of the company, besides a kind of Front-Box which reaches a-cross the house, and bulges convexly into the Pit, or Parterre, and holds a great number of spectators. The audience of the Parterre all stood during the whole of the performance. Soldiers were planted in various parts of the house, and about the doors; but this is common in every public place, and through the streets (blessed Government! where the people are to be dragooned into order!): but no disorder took place except from the furious driving of coaches; for the poor foot-passengers here are as little regarded by those who ride as if they were cattle; so that from this, and the narrowness of the streets people are very frequently run over.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 17.

BREAKFASTED at a Coffee-house on the end of Pont Neuf, where we found the English News-papers, and many English people in a neat room: but we fight shy with our countrymen, being informed that
many

many come here through *necessity* rather than choice.

WE are just come from viewing the Gallery of the Palais Royale,—a most elegant and gaudy suite of rooms, containing many of the best Pictures of the best Masters.—A St. John of RAPHAEL, and two Holy Families by the same Artist, exceed in every species of perfection any pictures I ever beheld!—Many of GUIDO, a Head of REMBRANDT, and several of TITIAN, LE BRUN, &c. are beyond description fine!

THE Gallery is gilt from top to bottom; and really looks like a room of gold! It is filled also with Models of every Manufactory, and every Tool and Device used in each; all made to a scale, and finished in the most perfect and beautiful manner!

THESE rooms are frequented by people of taste and fashion from all parts; and it was but yesterday that a person of the first rank was banished to his estate by the King, for having behaved rudely to some Ladies in this Gallery.

“FIGARO’S Marriage” was acted this evening for the first time since it was interdicted. The company was so numerous that we, among thousands, could get no place in the house; so we drove to the Comedie Italien, on the other side of the town. Here we were first struck with the outside extent and magnificence of this new theatre: its front is a fine Portico, and it is piazza’d round. Its inside is much like our Opera-house—five Galleries one above another, unsupported with any visible pillars, painted with a blue ground, on which are burnished and gilt festoons, which give the house an elegant and rich appearance, superior to the Opera-house we saw last night.

THE Pieces acted here are French, but on the plan of the Italian Burletta. That we saw was a musical piece, founded on the Custom of the Manor, light and well-acted—the music half French and half Italian, both charming. —The After-piece was a pretty little story, in which a lover made his appearance, first as a Ballad-finger, and next as a Statue; then jumped from his pedestal, and received the
Lady’s

Lady's hand. This part seemed very natural;—for, in the first place, the Lady sung divinely, and of course must be moved with excellence like her own. The lover as a Ballad-singer acquitted himself very well, but as a Statue susceptible of animation he was charming! for when the gardener wound him up in the pedestal, he first started, then lifted a flute to his mouth, and played upon it irresistibly! The Lady, melted by the music, rejoiced to find him flesh and blood, and readily gave him her hand.

THERE is a pleasant frivolity running through all the French amusements I have seen, and it is wise perhaps to be pleased with what may be short of perfection.

I DELIVERED a letter of introduction from Lord D— to Mess. CHARLES and ROBERT, the two first inflammable Aeronauts.—CHARLES was not at home, but ROBERT shewed us his apparatus, on which he reads courses of philosophy, which is indeed very elegant, expensive, and large: many things however appear to want simplicity, and

more attention seems to have been paid to the appearance of the instruments than to their intrinsic utility. We saw the Car in which they ascended; the Balloon was packed up: but I find all aerial expeditions are given up in Paris—I think very wisely.

WE are just returned home, and find this day's expence amounts to little more than that of a ticket at our Opera, though we have indulged with Burgundy, Champagne, &c.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 18.

OUR first expedition was to the Hotel Dieu; an Hospital situated on two sides of a branch of the Seine, and which exceeds in dimensions and number of patients any (or I might hope to say all) of those we have in all the Hospitals of London! 5000!---It seems an assemblage of all human miseries! The sight is as humiliating as an access to the grave! in all its stages!!!—In one bed, at top and bottom, you may see two and three wretches in all the stages of approach to death! Art arranges itself against the attacks
of

of death in vain ! scores are taken out victims to that tyrant every day ; yet the rooms are high — the ventilators, on good construction, continually in action :—cleanliness, medicine, advice of the best kind, and a police to be admired, stand also as a phalanx, and have *some* effect.

I AM driven from this horrid scene ; for my motives for an expedition to France revolts at the sight of misery, how moral or instructive soever it may be.

OUR useful and worthy friend Dr. M—— being engaged, we three Greenhorns were left to ourselves, when I recommended the Hospital of Invalids, and the Military School.

ON our way we saw the Hotel Bourbon—very fine as a palace of one story : but being informed that its outside was its only excellence, we did not stay to examine it. We then visited the Hospital of Invalids (our Chelsea) ; and its Wards, though very inferior to ours, were made up by its Church, which is a most beautiful miniature of our St. Paul's, and much more highly finished.

WE entered a plain Church, with a most flowery Pulpit, and an Altar of exquisite beauty (as seen with the Dome for a background) by the side.—We entered the Dome (or rather under it) on a floor of inlaid marble, containing Fleurs-de-lis in different-coloured marble, inclosed with various curvilinear devices in different kinds of marble. But what was our astonishment when we looked upward! A symmetry of Architecture attacked my ideas of that branch of art, which I never felt before. There was a something which so perfectly coincided with my ideas of proportion, and of cause to effect—of strength to gravity—of elegance and grandeur---of the feelings of the heart with religion and mystery---that I must confess I forgot all national prejudice, and could not but think the French nation one of the most inexplicable mysteries I ever studied!---Such extremes! such grandeur and elegance in some things, and such want of both in others! such splendor and such poverty!—The extremes of life meet here, but no medium exists.

WE

WE next proceeded to the Military School, an institution like that of Woolwich. The young men are dressed much like those in our Military Academy, but seem more numerous.---Ours are brought up amid cannon, mortars, and bullets ;—the French in a superb mansion, surrounded with fine walks. Their Field of Mars is a tolerable paddock to exercise in ; but even military matters smell of frankincense and popery here. Their Church is the best room in their College ; the two fronts are of most beautiful architecture, if the high-coved and slated roofs in this, as well as in all their public buildings, did not give a heaviness to their appearance.

FACING the back front is a pedestrian and colossal statue of Louis XV. in fine marble, of great spirit and chaste grandeur.

AT night we saw a petit piece in a small Theatre in the Palais Royale ; but my imperfection in the knowledge of the language confines my observations to the decorations of the piece,

To

To my great surprize, I recognized in one of the Characters the very Lady who picked me up on Sunday last, and she seemed a very good Actress.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 19.

TO-DAY very unwell—over-fatigued—and the wine and diet of PARIS I think does not agree with me:—crawled however to the King's Botanical Garden, and saw the Cabinet of Natural History, which is very perfect, and scientifically arranged by the celebrated BUFFON.—He was out of town:—his statue on the stair-case is a pretty good one, and the specimens, particularly in Ores, very numerous.

FROM an artificial hill in the Garden we had a fine view of Paris; but I have no taste for, nor knowledge in, Botany; so after viewing the plant which grows in air without either water or earth, we proceeded to the General Hospital, or La Salpetriere, which is said to contain seven thousand patients of various kinds, viz. sick, mad, lame,

lame, repentant prostitutes, &c. We viewed its singular Church and a few Wards, when we were obliged to return by my increasing sickness.

I WENT to bed, but thought myself so well in the evening, that I joined the party to the Boulevards;—a scene as laughable as new!—Here we saw many Mechanical and Philosophical Exhibitions, Leger-demain, &c.—Coffee-houses with bands of music playing in them—Merry-andrews, &c.

WE entered a small Theatre to see something like our Sadlers Wells;—but the heat and effluvia of the Company brought on my sickness again, and I was the second time taken home very much indisposed.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20.

BETTER, thank God!—Sallied forth to see the Luxemburg Gallery.—Found it shut up!—Cannot—must not be opened!—Fye, Monsieur! suffer us not to miss what we came principally to see. Thy Palace is very fine,

fine, and very like our Montague-house. The Gardens (*en France*) are very fine also; but the Pictures---RUBENS'---Gallery, we must see!

DEPART for the unfinished Church of St. Sulpice, a modern and most magnificent structure! The Portico in front is stupendous, and the finished Steeple supported at bottom by the Doric Order, next by the Ionic, then the Corinthian, and the round and beautiful top by the Composite Pillars, with more invention and better taste than I ever saw in any other steeple.—One of these is finished; the other is nearly so; but is at present surrounded with scaffolding.

WITHIN, the *toute ensemble* of the Church is truly striking! But on examining the Parts separate; there is, First, a most rich Altar under a Dome of rich beauty and fine painting, with a hole at top like the Pantheon at Rome, through which is seen at a considerable distance above the Dome a Sky and Clouds full of Figures, viz. Angels and Men, as if basking in the awful Bea-

Beatitude of CHRIST ! Through an opening in front is seen the Virgin, with auxiliary Figures resting on Clouds, with a Glory breaking out on all sides. All this is of marble ; and both the Altar and Dome have an effect which I had no conception Architecture was capable of.—Secondly, The covering of the High Altar is a design of great ingenuity : it looks like a huge Canopy of Gold hanging half-way from the roof, and as if sustained by nothing.

FROM hence we went to see a Church in a still more unfinished state, viz. St. Geneviève. —This Church is to have a Dome like our St. Paul's, and is almost as large. The Portico is large, and highly finished, supported by twelve Corinthian pillars—and the Pediment adorned with a beautiful Cross, with Figures in Basso relievo.—We next paid our compliments to the Saint herself, whom we found encased in a large Silver Shrine on the top of four Pillars, each of one stone, and of precious Marble ; but so surrounded with rich gifts of Gold, Diamonds, &c. that we might have sought for a week before we had come

come to the dry bones of this awful Protectress of Paris ;—for such kind things has she done to many of its inhabitants, that her old Church is filled with Pictures, where she appears in the clouds, and benignly listens to a Husband when his Wife is in the Pangs of Child-bearing—to a Wife who offers up Prayers for a Dying Husband, &c. &c.

HERE I stumbled upon an inscription, fixed on one of the Pillars of the Church, to the memory of my old friend DES CARTES, with his portrait at top.—The tablet says handsome things of him ; but Priest-craft and Philosophy are a kind of oil and water which do not mix well even in a Church of Miracles.—-CLOVIS, one of the first Kings of France (I believe) lies also in the Chancel under a fine Monument ; and indeed it seems high time to renew this Church, for it seems the oldest in Paris ; and I now begin to be a piece of a judge, having visited almost all the Churches in the place, and they are all full of curiosity to an Englishman.

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WE called at the Sorbonne, where the Doctors had just finished a Debate.—We entered their room as they came out, and saw some good portraits of Kings, Popes, and Cardinals, well painted.—The Church has a fine Dome, with a good effigy of Cardinal Richelieu, who built the Church, and lies under this Monument: he is supported by Religion; and Science weeps at his feet.

Mr. WRAXALL has just procured us a Box for “*Figaro* ;”—so I put on my bag and sword in all haste to join the “rage of Paris,” and to judge whether this Play can possess the people here, as much as Mrs. SIDDONS does us.—It does; the house was crammed full—and the clapping was more than human ears could bear!

THE house is beautiful!—The top is circular (a segment being cut out of about sixty degrees that opens the stage) and forms a flattish Dome, decorated with gilt foliage of great elegance. The Boxes are one above another,

another, as in the other Theatres.—No Galleries ; for no common people can afford, or perhaps dare not to mix with their superiors.—Instead of our Curtain, the *Comedie Francoise* has a Scene with the Arms of France in the middle, from whence issue Rays that cover the whole Curtain ! The Stairs leading to all the Boxes are more grand, elegant, and convenient, than any in our Somerset-House.---The Play was most admirably performed. But BEAUMARCHAIS seems to have departed entirely from the genius of his Country Writers, where long-winded Dialogue and refined Wit characterize their productions—No ; he strikes out into Incident at once, and keeps it up through the whole piece : Plot, or Story, however, is as much out of the question as in our “ School for Scandal.” This Play is a string of incongruous incidents and severe satire, which are indeed truly laughable, but by no means connected.

SUNDAY,

SUNDAY, AUGUST 21.

Took a walk to try if fresh air would relieve an intolerable Tooth-ach.—I viewed the Thuilleries and Elysian Fields with all the dispositions of STERNE's *Smelfungus*!

"ÆNEAS Carrying his Father"—and "Dido restrained from stabbing Herself," first drew my attention from my Teeth;—they are wondrously-fine Statues indeed!—Next the Rivers of France (for so I deemed them) began to allay the pain a little: these are colossal in design and execution as well as size; and are almost equal to the Neptune on Lord CHATHAM's Monument. But the Tooth-ach fled upon viewing the two Pegasuses on the entrance to the equestrian and colossal Statue of LOUIS XV. One of them is the most spirited animal I ever saw dead or alive! and the Statue, as well as the Square in which it stands, makes a noble entrance into Paris.

I THEN entered the Elysian Fields, and the Toooh-ach returned.—What! call a few

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paltry trees set in straight lines on a dead flat by that heavenly name!—where, instead of the Shades of departed Kings and Heroes, nothing is to be seen but Shades of living Harpies, who will not depart from you till you give them something!—Indeed it is said, that at a certain time of the day it is peopled with Parisian Beauty; but the morning was the time that I sallied forth; so on I went up rising-ground till I reached the summit, where I had a complete view of Paris.—It really is a very large and well-looking City.

I NEXT turned to the Country View my situation afforded—and was much pleased to see gently-rising hills covered with beautiful white Houses, Villages, Woods, and Vineyards.—A large Wood tempted me at the distance of a mile.—I went on, and saw it just recovering from famine and a blight, occasioned by this very dry summer.—Withered leaves were falling from the trees like Autumn, and a deep green race succeeding them.

them.—Here indeed was POPE's picture of succeeding Generations finely illustrated :

“ Like leaf impelling leaf.”

THIS Wood is full of straight walks, without grass or underwood.—A part of it is *anglified* by the DUC DE CHARTRES, and is indeed most beautiful.—A large Gothic Castle stands by the side of the Wood, and called MADRID by the King its builder, who having been prisoner in that city, built this huge Monument in memory of his captivity.—Strange ! that a King of France, of all mortals, should thus perpetuate his own disgrace !

BEING alone, and seeing few people in the Wood, I issued from its side into the same eminent-field which brought me to it ;—and seeing some large Wheels on a hill, directed my walk to them.—Here I found that the beautiful white stone on which Paris is built, is dug beneath the surface at least fifteen or twenty fathom ; horizontally ; and the stones are drawn out by the axle in peritrochio. Hence the ground

is said to be hollow underneath Paris, and to some distance *all* around it.—This beautiful stone is so soft at its first detachment from the quarry, that, like that of Bath, it may be cut with a knife, but grows very hard by exposure to the air.

ARRIVING at the bottom of the Thuilleries, I saw a black thick smoke issue from a chimney, so unlike that of Paris—and alas! so like that of London—that I was drawn to the phenomenon; when, to my great surprise, I found a huge Steam-Engine, on BOLTON and WATTS's construction, to raise water from the Seine, and diffuse it over the City. Another is constructing in the same building; and so much has the value of this undertaking increased, that the original shares, which were about twenty-five pounds sterling, are now risen to one hundred and twenty pounds.

INDEED Money seems by no means wanting for all useful purposes here; and the munificence of the King in the encouragement of ingenuity in Manufactories exceeds
all

all belief!—He has given seventy thousand pounds sterling to two Manchester Adventurers to fix up a Cotton Spinning Machine at PASSEY.—The Queen has taken a Manufactory of Parker's Cut-Glass under her auspices; and two or three Renegado-Journeymen of that ingenious Artist are making fortunes.—Mr. S——, a friend of mine, has a pension from the King, for a small Manufactory of Lenses and Optical Mirrours. This man came here without anything but ingenuity and integrity, about eight years ago, and this day has entertained us with such a Dinner—sweetmeats, ices, fruit, rich wines and cordials—as I have scarce seen at the first Nobleman's table in England.

MONDAY, AUGUST 22.

A SWELLED-FACE—and the Tooth-ach in extreme!—Went to see the Church of St. Eustace, a large and beautiful structure, and of the most singular architecture, being a mixture of Grecian and Gothic, with un-

commonly high arches, but notwithstanding a light, striking, and majestic fane. A new front is finishing to this Church, of a classical design.

WE next stumbled upon the *Halle au Blé*, or Flour-market, a round structure almost as big as, and very like our Ranelagh : thousands of sacks of flour were lying on different heaps, and the place is as light as the street, by radiant windows meeting a circle of light at top.

WE then visited the Place of Louis le Grand, a small but elegant Square, where all the houses are built after one design ; and the corners of the Square being filled up with houses of the same architecture, it has much the look of the Circus at BATH. In the center is an equestrian Statue of Louis XIV. of copper or brass, spirited, natural, and characteristic of that ostentatious Monarch beyond description !—The Inscription coincides with the rest ; and one seems at a loss whether to consider the whole as a Compliment or a Libel. However, this is by far
the

the best Statue I have seen in France, and in point of grandeur exceeds any we have in England. The number of Churches in this City exceeds every effort of a distant Protestant's belief!—Scarcely can you walk an hundred yards any way but you meet a Church or a Monastery;—all with more or less Devotées in them—particularly Women,—How much better do I know thou art employed, dearest and best of Wives (for whom I write this hasty and imperfect account), in looking after my affairs, and those of our dear Family!—Would to God thou couldst partake with us these excursions! But soon I hope I shall return in safety to thee, and resume that domestic happiness which I find inseparable from my dear home.

THE Church of St. Roch has an architectural device in it which exceeds everything we have seen! It is three diminishing Domes, one behind another!—The first, with rays emanating out of Clouds of burnished gilding, of vast extent, and awful influence.—Through this you see the second Dome; an Altar also judiciously interrupts

the sight. This Dome is beautifully painted (but Domes and their legends are so numerous in Paris that I forget all, except that they are in general very beautiful).—Beyond this is a third Dome, with an Altar under an artificial Rock, so like nature that one would swear it was a Cavern. Through holes in the Rock are the doors which lead to the Sacrifices, and one in front that displays a Crucifix, and the Virgin, in marble, of exquisite workmanship.—All these, seen from the body of the Church, produce an effect, which would make any one but a Philosopher a good Papist.

MAUPERTUIS has a Monument in the Church of St. Roch—where the great Problem respecting the true shape of the Earth is emblematically represented on his Tomb by a Figure compressing a Globe into an oblate Spheroid,—while Science leans weeping over an Inscription generously more favourable to NEWTON than to DES CARTES.

ONCE more have we been at the Boulevards, at another Theatre where petit Pieces and Tumbling like Sadlers Wells is the amusement.—

ment.—Here we saw our “King Lear” burlesqued. When he was mad, he danced with all the agility of VESTRIS! and in the Storm he had a nice Umbrella; but the rest was too *outré* and absurd even to create a laugh.—A Pantomime was also acted, but so inferior to ours that I could not stay to see it finished; yet it occasioned bursts of laughter, and the whole House was often in an uproar at tricks which would have been hissed in London.

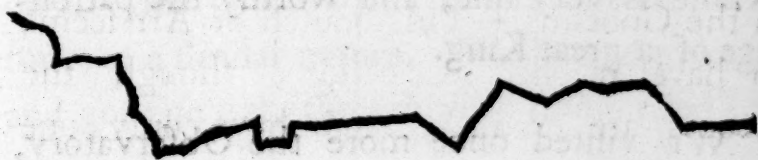
It is astonishing to me how it should enter into the mind of Man or Woman that a Painted Face could be beautiful, or give distinction!—It is the latter, I suppose; for some Ladies of Distinction paint a sort of red triangular Plane on each cheek, no more like Nature than a Triangle is like a Circle:—and others a deep red down to the jaw-bone; where an abrupt white paint takes place, and continues under the chin down to the neck;—but the red is no more like the painting of Nature than blue is like green.—Absurd, however, as this is, 'tis universal, except among the lowest order of females,

females, whose features are so uncouth and sunburnt, that no art could make them tolerable.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23.

WENT to see the Tapestry Manufactory in the Gobelins.—This branch of Art seems to have reached perfection; though the Looms are clumsy, and have only one beam above another, between which the warp is stretched very tight, so that the outlines of the Picture to be copied can be drawn upon it. Worsted and silk are wound round a stick of about five inches long, made pointed at one end, and this is all the shuttle with which they work. The threads of the warp are drawn out of the level of the warp, by strings linked to them, horizontally;—so that three, five, nine, &c. are drawn out, according to the shade to be worked:—and what is very odd, the Artist cannot see the effect of his work, as he sits upon the opposite side of the web to that on which the Picture appears. Yet does he produce

produce such transcripts of Nature, as even a Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS cannot produce with oil colours!—The Story rises under the hand of the Artist as if it were by Magic!—for the progress is by no means in a straight line, but goes on in this direction :



Hence you see half of a beautiful face at the bottom of the work, and above it nothing but threads.

WE entered a room hung with finished work.—The first piece, I fancy about eighteen feet square, was “Jason cutting down the Golden Fleece.” The Dragon lay dead at his feet ; and the Queen (a most beautiful figure) with her attendants formed another group ;—Jason’s ships, &c. a third.

THE next piece was the Compliments paid to the Virgin and Child ; a most striking

ing Picture, with at least twenty Figures in it, all characteristic and fine.—We saw two more;—one representing America, the other Africa—i. e. the Fruits, Birds, Beasts, Vegetables, and even Fish of those countries, all which exceeded all the Paintings I ever had the pleasure of seeing!—Indeed the whole is very fine, and worthy the patronage of a great King.

WE visited once more the Observatory, and saw the Instruments, which are very indifferent, though showy and ostensible. A fine Equatorial Telescope, by DOLLOND, of five feet focal length, and eight inches aperture, is the only instrument they have worth notice!—They are fitting up a Mural Quadrant, and have fixed a good Fulcrum for it.—They have a Pair of Globes of four feet diameter, very old, but striking in their appearance.

WE next descended into their Well for Zenith Observations, one hundred and seventy-one steps into the ground.—We went horizontally forwards through roads with rock under foot, over head, on one side, and a wall of rough stones on the other.

We

We turned in a variety of directions; and were told when we were under such a Church, and under such a Street: in short, in this subterraneous walk I lost all ideas of the Points of the Compass. We came to a place where two Monks lost their way, and their lives. Here we found the Virgin on a corner of the rock, to prevent misfortunes of a similar nature. We bowed to her, and got safe out, though very much tired.

IN these Caverns (which are said to run four leagues winding under that part of Paris on the south side of the Seine) are strata of shells of six or eight inches thickness, and whole rocks of pure petrification, all which we wondered and trembled at; for the cold and damp was extreme; and on coming out of such a heat as I never experienced before, I began to feel some sensations which abridged the dictates of our curiosity, and we hastened into daylight and warmth: and as I have dined, and find no return of even my Tooth-ach, I congratulate myself upon the compliment I paid the Virgin, and hope she will protect me from

from any disagreeable consequences of this
SUB-PARISIAN Journey.

CALLED once more to pay our compliments to the charming Virgin of GUIDO, in the Carmelites Convent, and think her more beautiful than ever ! But there is another gem in a Chapel of this Church, viz. the Countess De La Valiere, by LE BRUN. The legend says, that this lady was seduced from the paths of virtue by Louis XIV. and that afterwards repenting her indiscretion she precipitated herself into a Convent.—In the first transports of her distress and repentance she is represented by that inimitable Painter (and this is said to be his master-piece), with a face of such heart-felt sorrow ! such expressive agony ! nay her very tears are so painted ! that a spectator must be made of stone if he does not sympathize with her sorrow ! The attitude—her arms—her hands—her feet—are so perfectly flesh and blood, that one has a difficulty in believing it a Picture !

EVERY custom and manner in this country reminds me of their similarity in SCOTLAND.

LAND. The very Recitative of the Language is the same as that of Scotland;—and this perhaps is the reason why a native of that country learns the French Language so much more easily than a native of England.

WESTMORELAND, being once in the hands of the Scots, retained in my youth many of the customs of that country.—Hence I have a pleasurable association in seeing many customs in this, and which I have not seen these thirty-five years. For the little intercourse which the Northern Counties had (till lately) with the rest of England, made the influence of a reformation in religion, and of the wonderful and almost magic change of *manners* in that country, produce little effect in Westmoreland, till Turnpike-roads made their way into it.—Hence I can now see what a wonderful portion of Popery remained in our Reformed Church even so low as the year 1740; and how much the Scotch Character has been influenced by their great connections with France before the Union with England.

IT

It is astonishing to see what a difference there is in the appearance of a city burning only wood and charcoal and our London!—The air is so clear, that one may see the whole diameter of Paris through the straight streets of St. Jaques and St. Martin, though considerably narrower than Newgate-street: and from neighbouring eminences the Town appears so white, that when the sun shines, it is really oppressive to the eyes to look at it.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 24.

DELIVERED Mr. K——'s introduction to Dr. BARTHOLET at his Hotel. He being not at home, drove to the Hotel of Chevalier DE BORY, and delivered him Mr. MAGELHAENS' introduction. The Chevalier received us very politely, and invited me to accompany him on Saturday to a Meeting of the Royal Academy of Sciences at the Louvre, where he promised to introduce me to the President and Members:—but my want of facility and great ignorance in the language is a great unhappiness

happiness ; and I fear I shall add few laurels to the reputation of English Philosophers.

WE have visited a second time the Steam-Engine for supplying Paris with Water (for it is surprising to see No. 15,350, &c. on carts to supply the Town with Water), and stand astonished at its situation, which is at the very lowest part of the river,—where all the filth of the Town must have got duly mixed, to be sent back again for the refreshment and nutrition of the place ! This mystery (so unlike the Police of the Town) confounds me,---Draw-wells, of a kind of aluminous-tasted water, seem the best supply the inhabitants of Paris have with that most useful element.—I only judge from taste, having no time to analyse it, nor have I read anything on the subject :—but I was surprised in our subterraneous expedition yesterday, to find no springs among the rocks.—It is true, the ground was high, and that might be a reason. The water can have no ways to descend ;—for few hills command the Town, and it must be a sort of subterraneous emanation from the Seine,

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which

which must supply the wells of (at least) the lower part of the Town; for the soil at the top is gravel, and underneath a spongy porous rock.

WE staid out in the Champs Elysées till dark, but no dews or damps attacked us; and I understand such phœnomena seldom do here. Hence, I suppose, the want of grass on this part of the Continent; and of course the dwarfish horses, cows, sheep, &c.; for cattle here are no more to be compared to ours than an ass is to a horse. Beef and mutton decorate a butcher's shop in Paris something like what we see the branches of trees in England in the neighbourhood of a Dog-kennel! We have had a leg of mutton on our table which JOHN BULL would almost mistake for the leg of a Norfolk Turkey. Yet the wise people of this country do not send the nutritive part of their animal food up the chimney, as we do.—No; they arrest it in stewpans, and vegetable mucilage, and make more real nutrition of a chop than we do of a joint!—I admire the economy of their cookery:—'tis wise!—'tis frugal! and however

ever extravagance may laugh at it, it is one of those political means by which foreigners are tempted to visit and spend money in their country;—for if by the due management of a few truffles and morels, the due mixtures of animal and vegetable juices with the seasoning of Indian aromatics, dishes can be made as nutritive as well as more palatable and more cheap than in other countries, I take upon me to say it is a feather in the cap of Wisdom; and we ought not to turn up our noses, and expose the folly of our prejudices!

THOUGH I detest the miserable state into which the Governments of Europe are fallen, I cannot but admire the magnanimity of this.---The Grand Almoner of France---the Cardinal Archbishop of Strasburgh and Rouen---the second ecclesiastic in France, was yesterday arrested as he came from the Altar, and sent to the Bastile.

“Good Heaven!” says an Englishman,
“what! send the Archbishop of York to
“the Tower without a trial!”--“Yes, if

“ he was a Swindler, and a Scoundrel, who
“ not only disgraced his cloth, but human
“ nature---send him there by all means,”
say I.

THIS makes much talk in Paris, but no one doubts the justice and equity of the King; though this is a liberty taken with the Church that has not, they say, been practised in France these hundred years.

THOUGH I cannot converse with these people without giving both pain to them and myself, and therefore almost never converse with them at all, yet I see good-sense in most of their actions, and judge of them from what I see, rather than from what I hear. In all their great designs I trace an extent of genius and invention which must immortalize them !—In their Architecture particularly there is a taste, a knowledge of Mechanics, of effect, of beauty, of duration, which at first sight shews the innumerable public buildings of this metropolis to be the productions of consummate masters !

MANY

MANY of their mechanical devices, both for convenience and pleasure, are ingenious, though in general very ill executed. But where ornament only is concerned, they are unrivalled !

WE have been strolling round the new Square behind the Palais Royale, just finished : its beautiful Piazza, near half a mile round, is filled with the most elegant shops in Paris. The women who keep them seem a part of them, sitting in great state at the foot of a column, or in a desk, with their wares disposed to the right and left, like the wings of a house. A little shop or warehouse, if not three yards square, is called a MAGAZINE—of course there are Magazines of Tapes and Thread—Magazines of Buttons, and Hooks-and-eyes—Magazines of Patés and Small-beer—and even Magazines of Black Puddings.—All this reads strangely to an Englishman's ear ; but the French have the art to make every thing of consequence ; and if we step into a house of entertainment, and ask for a bill of fare, the Waiter takes it from the Trumpet of Fame (a Figure standing on a Pedestal Stove in the middle of the room), and

presents it to you with an air like that of a Minister presenting a hungry lad with a commission in the Army. The industry and attention to business of this order of people is incredible.

THERE was a Fête in the Thuilleries this evening, being the Vigil of St. Louis ; but we went to the Theatre in the Palais Royale, and saw two diverting Petit Pieces most admirably acted.

FRIDAY EVENING, AUGUST 26.

YESTERDAY morning we hired a coach, and set off for the Fête of St. Louis at Versailles.—Rode through a sweet country, finely diversified with gentlemen's houses, and white villages. The road has lamps hanging across it at every hundred yards distance all the way, and is well paved, very wide, and has a double row of trees on each side. We paid six livres for the privilege of riding out of Paris, at a barrier near St. Cloud, where we saw a Manufactory of elegant, useful, and ornamental China, in a building

building more like a Palace than a Workshop.

THE approach to Versailles is grand and striking :---It is seen as if at the end of an avenue three miles off, and increases in the approach 'till it appears more like a Town than a Palace.

WE were ushered by one of the Swiss Guards into the Grand Gallery, where we found about five thousand well-dressed people stung with the same curiosity as ourselves.--- This Gallery is indeed most astonishingly magnificent !---It has seventeen large windows looking into the Gardens, and on its opposite side as many blank windows glazed with looking-glass, which magnifies the company to an army. The Ceiling, painted by LE BRUN, is vastly fine, and represents many of the inflated transactions of Louis XIV. But there is so much gilding intermixed with the French painting, that the eyes are too much dazzled to judge of them with truth.

IN this Gallery we waited near an hour, when the Procession began. First came two Figures with caps like a sheet of paste-board rolled into a cylinder, covered with silver and tassels, with a kind of pouch hanging to the floor by an enormous sash; but the whole Figures were so distorted with flash sleeves, flash breeches, and so completely covered with silver and tassels, that the human part of them was the least.

NEXT came the Knights of the *Cordon Rouge*, or those of St. Louis (being the honorary day), all dressed magnificently, and decorated with the red ribbands and stars of their order. Among these I recognized COUNT DE GRASSE, like GULLIVER among the LILLIPUTIANS. It was the first time this naval GOLIATH had been admitted to court since his loss of the *Ville de Paris*, and he looked as dark rough and threatening as the element that gave him consequence.

AFTER these came the grand Order of the *Cordon Bleu* (dressed in their ribbands and stars), who looked like a set of fine jolly
De-

Debauchees worn-out in the service: they were a train of the completest HAS-BEENS I ever beheld!---The DUKE of ORLEANS, indeed, was an exception: he is as fat as LORD NORTH, and not unlike him.---His son the DUC DE CHARTRES walked alone, and with a look as much as to say, "You are a parcel of poor Devils!---I am an Englishman and care for none of you."

To these succeeded the KING, a short thick dumplin of a Monarch, the very picture of peace and plenty. He rolled along, with an air so perfectly disengaged from thought or care, and bore this great kingdom with so much ease upon his shoulders, that I could not but think him a jolly eating-and-drinking English 'Squire, perfectly at his ease, and without any other ideas coming across his thinking faculties than what must be next for his dinner! He has got the true BOURBON nose, and is really a well-looking man upon the whole,

AFTER the King followed the QUEEN---very handsome, and well-painted. She is very

very like the pictures I have seen of her in England, if they had a little dash of the Vixen thrown into them. She was supported by MONSIEUR the King's Brother, a gentleman-looking man, very like and almost as fat as the King. Her train was borne by a Gentleman, and she was richly dressed, but much in the same way, and little better than a lady of quality in England.

NEXT came the PRINCE de CONDE' and the COUNT D'ARTOIS; the latter a perfect petit-maitre in his person and dress, but with a face of penetration and thought that contradicted his appearance. I should have mentioned the PRINCESS ELIZABETH, the King's Sister, and two Aunts of his, but they had nothing extraordinary in their appearance except the jewels and lace of their dresses.

WE crowded after those great personages to the Chapel Royal—the most beautiful and high-finished Church we have yet seen;—and indeed, what with the solemnity of the service, and the grandees which composed its congregation, the sight was awfully splendid!

splendid !—The KING sits in a round box on one corner of the gallery, and the QUEEN in a similar one on the other :—but the beauty of this Chapel bids defiance to the most descriptive power of words !—Its outside appearance is the most beautiful architecture of anything about this gorgeous residence :—the outside of the roof has been gilt, but is now weather-beaten to a yellow.

WE saw the Procession return in the same order, and then surveyed the whole Palace. The Rooms, Pictures, Beds, &c. are wonderful !—but the croud was so great, and our Swiss in such a hurry, that though he drove much finer folks than us about like cattle to make room for us, it was impossible to judge of any thing.

THE King and Queen's beds are in distant parts of the Palace, and one would swear both rooms and beds were nothing but gold.

ON the Queen's toilet we saw a tureen of gold and precious stones which the City of Paris made her a present of upon the birth of the DAUPHIN, and which both in design,
exe-

execution, and size, exceeds every piece of plate I ever saw !

WE were then introduced to the DAUPHIN, and the DUKE of NORMANDY in arms, in the Ladies apartments. The latter is a promising brat, but the DAUPHIN is a poor insect that I think it will be difficult to rear.—He stood in the front of six Ladies his attendants, one of whom asked him to say “How do you do?” in English ; which he repeated tolerably distinct. We thanked his Royal Highness, and made our bows.

DURING this time there had been several showers, so that we saw the Gardens to great disadvantage :—however, we saw so much of them, as to find Description had raised very false ideas of their beauties and perfections. The artificial hill on which this celebrated Palace stands is raised on a plain, and is a work truly Herculean. This causes a descent from the house, friendly to waterfalls, and grand flights of steps :—but these are so methodical, so uniform, that it may be said to be but a continuation of the palace down to the bottom of the hill. On this slope, however, are many masterly Statues, mostly colossal, in
perfect

perfect preservation, and white as when they came from the quarry.—I never saw Stone look like Flesh and Blood before I came to this country (excepting the Venus of Mr. WEDDELL in Yorkshire); and this is the case here both within and without doors. Many of the groups of bronze Figures in the Ponds are remarkably fine; but the unnatural and childish vagaries which most of them must play when the Water-works are in motion, makes Cause and Effect to bear so pitiful a proportion to each other, that it is indeed “charging artillery upon a fly.”—This fight, however, was not ours; no Triton snorted for our amusement;—no Giant, though oppressed with the weight of mountains, squirted us one drop of water to cool our tongues.—No; the Water-Nymphs were all exposed above the surface of the water, which laid bare the Pipes and Machinery by which they astonish the wonder-seeking Travellers of Europe.

THE Orangerie indeed is pretty:---it is in an excavation of the hill---and the surrounding earth is supported by a piece of beautiful Tuscan architecture. This hollow

hollow is open to the south, and thick-set with orange trees (in tubs), all as round-topped as globes. We saw this from a fine Terrace, which commands a rich view of the surrounding Country :---on the Garden-side, indeed, it is mostly Wood, as far as one can see, except the long, square, and formal Ponds at the end of the Garden.

IN this View a circular object tempted us into another excursion.---We found it a circular Colonade of thirty-two arches, sustained on as many Ionic pillars, each of one stone, all of beautiful white marble, and in the groinings many stories in basso-relievo. This light, amphi-colonial piece of architecture we found was also to be degraded by Water-spouts, for Pipes were sticking out on all sides of it. The straight cut-hedged Walks which traverse in all points of the Compass this celebrated Garden, inclose many Squares and Triangles of short Wood, in which are the remains of expensive Cascades and surprising Fountains:---but I think it wisdom in the late and present Kings to suffer these fooleries to go to ruin.

OUR

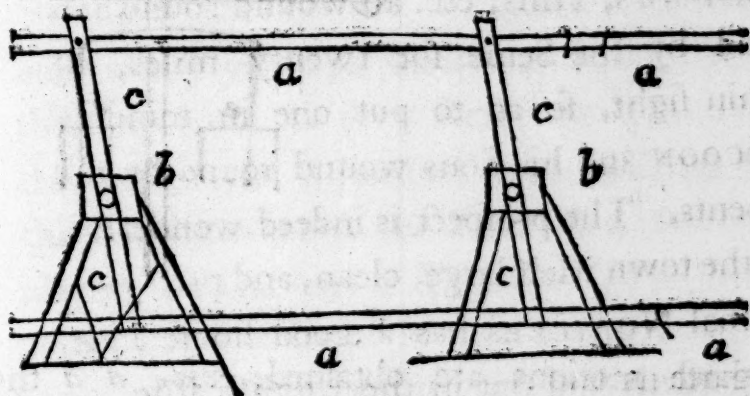
OUR next visit was to the King's Stud.--- Here we saw Horses lodged indeed in a Palace!---the roof above them as high as Westminster Hall!---But what were the inmates?---About three hundred lean devils (eating straw) that an English 'Squire would crack his whip and turn up his nose at!— A great many were English, that seemed as if they would be very happy to exchange their fine trappings for a good belly-full of hay.---These poor cattle put us in mind of SANCHO PANCA when he became a Governor, but was glad to exchange regality for a loaf of bread and half a cheese.

WE then drove to St. GERMAIN's, slept there, and after breakfasting on tea (brought up ready-made in a large soup tureen, with stone pottengers for cups) we went to the Castle, where our James II. lived and died.— It is an old but immense structure, mostly of brick, with an Iron Gallery running round its outside (for it incloses a spacious inner Court).---But its situation is its great beauty. It stands on a high hill above the Seine, and commands a most pleasing and diver-

diversified prospect :----this, however, we chose to see from its Terrace, which runs along the edge of this beautiful eminence above two miles, almost in a straight line. The slope from this Terrace to the Seine is one vast Vineyard, though at the bottom are some tolerable Meadows with Cattle grazing in them---(*the first I have seen in France*).-- Over these are Woods, Villages, Churches, Monasteries, Hills, &c. all wound round and round by the Seine for twenty miles, all within sight, so as to put one in mind of LAOCOON and his Sons wound round by the Serpents. The prospect is indeed wonderful, and the town itself large, clean, and pretty.--- Marshal NOAILLES has a good house in it, and gardens laid out in the English stile.

FROM hence we drove to MARLI to view another instance of the magnificent folly of Louis XIV. viz. the Water-works to supply Versailles. These indeed are stupendous, but display no great extent of either genius or learning. The Seine is dammed up to make a fall to carry several undershot Wheels : on the Axles of these are large Cranks, which
work

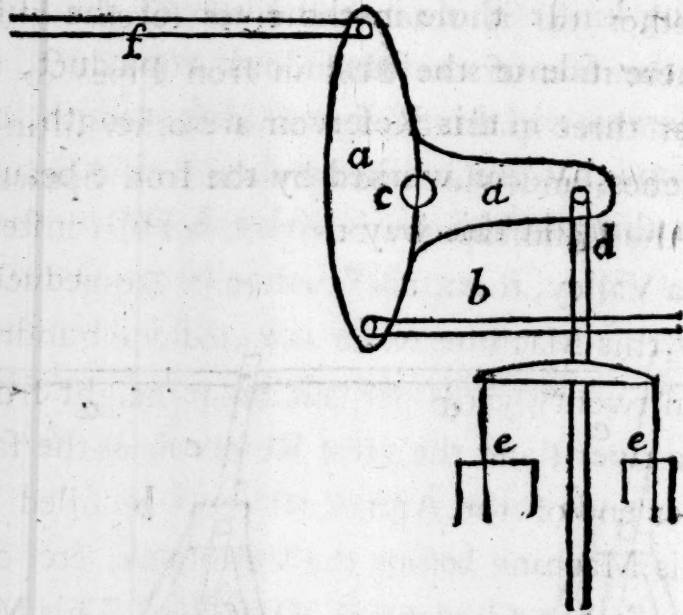
work Pumps in the river, and carry sliding Spears of Iron that work the Pumps on the side of the Hill.—The Pumps are all of the lifting kind: those in the river force water up the side of the Hill in Iron Pipes to a Reservoir: in this Reservoir are other lifting Pumps that are worked by the Iron Spears, something in this way:



a a the sliding spears: *b b* the beams or fulcra of the supporters *c c c*.—By this means motion is communicated to two heights of Reservoirs.

THE under Rods work Pumps as well as the upper; so that a continual stream is kept up

up in the conducting Pipes, and by a triple Crank like this,



three motions are obtained, *viz.* *a a* the triple Crank; *b* the actuating Spear coming from the Wheels at the river; *c* the fulcrum on which the triple Crank turns; *d* the Rod which carries the Pumps in the Reservoir beneath this part of the machinery; *e e* represents their Rods; *f* the Spear going to the second Reservoir to work its Pumps, &c.

THESE

THESE parts multiplied some hundreds of times, compose this vast Machine!—so that water is forced from one Reservoir to another till it reaches the top of the Hill, where it enters a stupendous Aquæduct, of near three quarters of a mile in length, on Arches, and which adds much to the beauty of the Landscape by being on a Hill, instead of a Valley, the usual situation of Aquæducts. By this Machine water is raised one hundred and twenty yards perpendicular height from the river; and the great Reservoir at the farther end of the Aquæduct must be filled by this Machine before the Fountains, &c. can play in the Gardens of Versailles. This Machine, the wonder of Mechanics, and of the Ignorant of all denominations, is now deservedly going to ruin; the few parts that work are most clumsily kept in repair; so that I dare say the Government has found, by an experience they say of 25,000l. a-year, that it is rather too high a price to pay for public admiration.

FROM this place we drove to St. CLOUD—
a pleasant Village seated on the sloping banks

of the Seine.—On a fine eminence stands the august Château of the DUKE OF ORLEANS. This is the most beautifully-situated Seat I have seen in France.—We entered the Gardens, on a level with the Seine, in a walk of tall trees, cut perpendicularly half their height; the rest leaning over the walk with beautiful effect:—under these, on one side, was a number of small shops of toys, &c. and a public house, in which we dined better, and cheaper, than at any place we have sojourned at in France. We walked forward, and on the right, on the verge of the slope, we were struck with a Cascade of more invention and diversity than anything of the kind we have seen.—The Statues about it were equally magnificent, and Woods of beautiful green, reaching to the skies (as we stood) formed the most charming of backgrounds! This scene was more English than anything we have seen, and perhaps this might add to my feelings respecting its beauty.

WE proceeded to the house up stair-cases of various heights and widths, and also thro' ascending

ascending paths in the Wood, meeting in our way Fountains of various description, Statues, &c.—We found the house in great disorder---workmen in every room, putting everything in high repair for the reception of the King and Queen on Monday next.

WE ran through a suite of magnificent rooms, much like those of Versailles; but the View from every window attracted my attention more than the voluptuous pictures, and rooms calculated for every species of luxury.---We had a bird's-eye view of Paris and the country about it, but particularly of the many romantic scenes of the Gardens, which, from the inequality of the ground, its height, and the springs of water collected into Basons and Reservoirs, and falling from one to another with artful intricacy down the hill, beggars all description:---in short, I never saw Art and Nature so happily mixed, or where one was so judiciously made the handmaid of the other!

WE left this delightful retreat with much regret---traversed a fine forest, and came to

PASSEY, where Dr. FRANKLIN lived.—Alas! he was gone,---and we could only bow to the house which had been the abode of so great a man.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27.

LAST night we arrived safe at our Hotel, Rue Guenegaud : I got out of the coach into bed, for I was much fatigued.---This morning I devoted to this idle memoir, that it might not slip my recollection ; and at four we waited on the Chevalier BORY at the Louvre, who introduced me to the President and Members of the Royal Academy of Sciences, who received us with great politeness.---The President placed me next to himself, and made many handsome compliments to the Philosophers of my country. I saw a whisper run through the whole assembly, and found I was not altogether unknown to this learned body, for several came to claim my recollection who had attended my Lectures in London, and promised to call on us at our Hotel.

BUSINESS

BUSINESS then began, when an Artist produced the Model of a Geometrical Stair-case of great ingenuity, but I fear of equal impracticability.—It rose once and an half round an oval space, for it had no support on either side ; yet seemed very firm.

A PAPER was then read respecting the fate of poor PILATRE DE ROZIER.—The Paper was an advocate for Electricity as the cause of his death, by inflaming the Gas of his Upper Balloon ; but the general opinion seemed to be, that the Montgolfier set fire to the Upper Balloon,

To my great astonishment, a piece of a Wig was next handed to the President ;—its inventor claiming the protection of the Academy for making a Wig without a Caul, or rather weaving the hair itself into a Caul.—This seemed so extraordinary a subject for a learned body to debate upon, that I found JOHN BULL rise within me, and I could scarcely forbear laughing.—Indeed the Members themselves treated the subject with contempt, though many thought it ought to

have their sanction. The Friseur himself was called in, and his person and dress at once bespoke him a projecting Barber, for both out-caricatured the most extravagant ideas our Shop-windows exhibit of a French Barber!—

His hair was a prodigious bush, and stood erect,

“ Like quills upon the fretful porcupine.”

A huge Bag depended from it behind, which by perpetual motion had made itself a tolerably smooth road of grease from shoulder to shoulder;—but his Coat was a laced one, and his Waistcoat was embroidered: he wore a long Sword, and Chapeau de Bras, and pleaded the cause of his Tête with great energy and pathos.—I was sorry I could not follow him through all his reasonings and deductions; but as he spoke very fast, and many of his terms were technical, I lost much of his elocution. He carried his point, however, and the merit of this Tête will in all probability be solemnly entered in the Transactions of the Royal Academy of Paris.

A LONG

A LONG and dry Paper was then read on the Action and Force of the Muscles, which set half the Members asleep ;—and the last Paper was on the Luminous Appearance of the Sea. This Paper produced nothing new on the subject ; for, as usual, some contended, that it was occasioned by animalcules of a luminous quality like our glow-worm ;—others, that it was putrid fish ;—and others, that the friction of ships, oars, and fish, in their motion through the water excited electricity in it, and that shoals of small fishes often excited the luminous appearance.

IN this Assembly were many sagacious faces. —I fancy the meeting was thin, as there were not above fifty Members present.

IN the room hung a Balloon about six feet in diameter, which was filled with inflammable Gas in November last ;—it is above half-full yet, and remains suspended at the top of the room by its own levity.—I understand that the varnish which thus holds the Gas, is a compound of the Elastic Gum and Gum Copal dissolved in Linseed Oil.—The
room

room is also decorated with busts of their remarkable Members, and hung with Tapestry, all of Fleurs-de-lis. This important flower meets the eye everywhere : it is a talisman that electrifies all France,

RETURNING home I embarked on board the Washing-Boats on the Seine :—they are as large as a West-Country Barge, and divided into small compartments, which are rented by old washer-women. These matrons use little soap or ceremony with the cloaths they wash :---they give them a few fouses in the river over the side of the boat, then roll them up, and laying them on a stone, or strong board, beat them with all their might with a wooden spatula : they next open them out, giving them a slight rub with soap, and a second ablution in the Seine finishes the work.---After this they are dried on sticks, over the old women's heads, and their next transition is to the backs of the wearers.

FAMILIES living one above another in stories communicating by one general staircase, have no convenience for laundries.---

Hence

Hence in the upper stories even of the best-looking houses, we see poles projecting from the windows over the streets decorated with linen of all sizes and degrees of fineness. Linen, however, seems a most extensive article in French housewifery :---their Napkins and Towels are never used twice ; and their Tablecloth is of the finest damask, as well as the Napkin which covers every plate.

Spoons and forks are all the tools a Frenchman uses when he dines.---If he meets anything that cannot be divided by his fork, he whips a long knife out of his pocket, and having cut the meat into small pieces returns the knife into his pocket, and falls to with his fork or spoon. In changing a plate, I used to send away knife and fork along with it, till I found that the fork only was ever returned. Dishes in succession were also new to me, one placed on the table at a time ; and fruit introduced in the *middle* of the dinner was a phenomenon !

THESE observations, trifling as they must appear, shew that this last custom, however,
is

is the child of necessity ;---for cooped up in a second or third story, the Parisians have no domestic room for exercise :---besides, there is a costiveness in the food and wine of this country which Fruit is well calculated to correct. Their food also being so much of the vegetable and of the semifluid kind, knives are seldom necessary, and therefore their disuse.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28.

Took a circuit half round the town to examine the quality of the land---sometimes a mile from it, and sometimes two; and so far as I am capable of judging, I think it no way comparable to the soil about London, and not a thousandth part so well or so much cultivated. Large common fields approach to the very gates of Paris, producing little except vetches and poor clover. Where the soil is left to itself, it produces a kind of spear-grass, very coarse and thin; in many places dwarf nettles, and a sort of twitchgrass, which always indicates the poverty of the soil.---I could find no spot where anything useful grew spontaneously. The ground was

was mostly in tillage ; but I was amazed to see not the least vestige of manure, though so very near the town. The soil is indeed very thin, mostly gravel and stones, and many of the stones I found to be petrifications of small shells. I cannot conceive where the Garden-stuff comes from to supply this cabbage-eating city.---I saw no common gardens of any consequence in this tour ; so that I suppose their vegetables are brought from a distance ; and NORMANDY alone is capable of supplying the whole city with bread. Indeed in our late excursion to and from Versailles I observed the land to be very barren, and believe what it produces even there to be more the effect of labour and the climate, than of the natural fertility of the soil.

“ Sunday shines no sabbath-day in France !”

The people were at work in the fields, carts were passing to and fro', and in the town the shops were open ;---in short, nothing except a more than ordinary tinkling of Bells indicated the Sabbath.---In the evening we purpose visiting the Boulevards to see the people dance ; for though we have been here a fortnight this day, we have not seen one dance.

I VISITED

I VISITED in the way the Hotel de Ville—a fine old structure, with much French frippery about it; and suppose from its various apartments, as well as its being decorated with the statue of Louis XIV. and the busts of various Magistrates in basso relievo, that it must be a kind of Town-hall, or Mansion-house for the Magistrates to meet in; particularly as it stands in the Place de Grève, where malefactors suffer death. It was here, I remember, that DAMIENS was torn in pieces by wild horses for attempting the late King's life.

BEHIND the Hotel de Ville is a fine old Church, with most beautiful stained-glass windows:—but indeed every Church I have seen in Paris has more or less of that solemn species of Art in it—some in good preservation.

ST. JERVAIS's Church has a fine front, and is beautiful within; but it is surpassed by a similar front in that of St. Louis, which stands near it, and where the hearts of Louis XIV. and another Gallic Monarch are kept in gold
urns

urns by Angels.---High Mass was performing in this Church, as I entered it, in jig time; and about thirty soldiers with bayonets fixed, and their hats on, stood in the midst of the congregation.

I NEXT stumbled upon the Square called Place Royale, where there is a huge equestrian Statue of Louis XIII. with a monstrous plume of feathers on his head, and an Inscription of the same character.---The Square is uniform and pretty; every house being alike; but they seem rather of an older date than the houses of Paris in general.

THE Bastile was the next object which caught my attention; but I was told it was dangerous even to look at that horrid place; so I could only judge that it was an old dark-looking castle, like many of those we have remaining in England.—It has a projecting stone turret running round its top, like the Gate of Lancaster Castle, and is watered about, having draw-bridges, and every other precaution to keep safe the unhappy prisoners who are immured in it.---There is something in not knowing what becomes of a prisoner,

prisoner more horrible than a public execution ! Every one guesses, and is apt to guess the worst ; and perhaps this may be one reason why crimes are less common here than in other countries.

PROCEEDING along the Boulevards, my eye was attracted by several Pyramids of Lights (for it was now almost dark), which I found shewed the way to the Vauxhall of Paris (called and spelt here *Waux Hall*) ; so I paid down my thirty-six sols, and was ushered into a beautiful oval room, full of gay company.—There was a good band of musick ; and now, for the first time, I saw Cotillons danced to please me, as also a few handsome women.

THE room soon becoming too crowded for dancing, the Company drew off into the Garden (not an acre of ground by the bye), where a most magnificent Firework was played off.

THIS Exhibition began with Rockets fired out of a small piece of ordnance, placed perpendicularly : they burst at a great height into
 innumerable

innumerable Stars, which descended slowly, and were scarcely extinguished before they reached the ground.

NEXT Catharine-wheels on a large scale, whirled in various directions; many of which had fixed Centers of beautiful light.

THEN a Cascade of fire burst out, which covered the whole end of the Garden with a sheet of fire; out of which issued Roman Candles, and Chinese Blue Lights, which rose to a great height, and had both a wonderful and an alarming effect.

THESE extinguished, little Wheels were thrown up on each side of the Garden from the perpendicular guns:---the wheels in their ascent turned horizontally, and gave the idea of rising Pillars of Fire.—These continued some time, and were indeed strikingly beautiful.

A BALLOON now made its appearance, with streams of fire shooting obliquely from all sides of it. This made it turn round on an axis, and produced a wonderful effect. At

P

once

once it burst, and displayed a Circle of light with the words "Vive Louis XVI." which was instantly surrounded by a Glory of fire, of various colours, that reached several yards round.

THE last part of this brilliant Exhibition was really astonishing. Two sliding Rockets came from the top of the house across the Garden, and set fire to a large Temple of Fireworks. In an instant, thousands of Lights made their appearance, and formed the Doors, the Windows, and Columns of the Temple!—A stream of fire rose at least sixty yards above the Temple, in which Serpents darted in all directions, and flew all round the Garden.—This alarming scene was rendered still more terrible by the discharge of at least one hundred pieces of Cannon, one after another, faster than one could count.—The eyes and ears being thus assailed so powerfully, the Women screamed, and the Men stood in silent trepidation.—At last the alarm subsided into a vast clap of applause, and

and the Company returned again to the Dancing-room.

THE School of Chirurgie is a new and elegant building:—its inner court is surrounded by a handsome Colonnade of Ionic Pillars, and of most beautiful white stone. The Portico is Corinthian, light, and higher than the rest, with a Sacrifice in basso relievo on the Pediment. The Rooms are well calculated for Lectures and Consultations, very elegant, but without any Preparations, or Apparatus for chirurgical operations.

WE are certainly in luck! The French biennial Exhibition of Pictures is just opened, and a fine show they make in a large room of the Louvre!—To speak of this Exhibition in general (not having any pretensions to Connoisseurship), I think their Portraits much inferior to ours; but am sorry to add, that I think their Historical and Landscape Paintings are much superior.

THE first Portrait at the door is a Whole-length of the QUEEN, in her English Garden,

with MADAME and the DAUPHIN in each hand, by WERTMULLER. It is a great likeness;—the dress, the present fashion; and very chaste.

THE DAUPHIN and MADAME are also painted by Madame LE BRUN in still a better stile.—This Lady appears to me to be the best Portrait-painter in the whole Exhibition. A Bacchante of her's is admirable! both in expression and colouring. Her own picture displays the best Drapery I ever saw; and four or five more Portraits by her are really charming.

VERNET still preserves his superiority in Water-scenes and Shipwrecks. A large scene of the last kind makes one shudder to look at it;—'tis a Storm on a Lee Shore. I never saw a Sea or Waves on canvas before.—One starts back, for fear of being washed into the Sea, the Waves break so like nature, —Several Wrecks and drowned people are among the Rocks; which are indeed tremendous!—The Lightning is in motion, and the Clouds pour a deluge of rain.—Yet I think

think I have seen a print of this artist very like this picture, and fear he has a little of the Mannerist mixed with his excellence.

ANOTHER of his pieces is a Quay running into a Calm Sea, on which are many excellent Figures, and the whole Landscape is vastly fine.

A THIRD depicts a Storm at Land, the Sky of which is admirable;—a Sun-Set is the subject of a fourth; as a Tempest is of a fifth.

“JEPHTHAH’S Daughter,” by A. VAN-LOO, has strong expression—good disposition in the colouring—and the relief and grouping are masterly: it contains a number of Figures as large as life, and looks near twelve feet square.

“HECTOR’S Return from the Field, where Andromache makes that pathetic speech to him at the Scæan Gate,” by SUVEE, is tolerable.—Ascanius is too big, and the Hero wants fire.

“CLEOPATRA’S Visit to the Tomb of Antony,” is a good picture by MINAGEOT.

“THE Serpents strangled by an Infant Hercules,” is a middling picture:—it wants force.—This is by M. TARAVAL.

“THE Piety and Generosity of the Roman Ladies,” by BRENET, has some good points;—but there is a tameness in all these I do not like.—All these are about twelve by nine feet.

“RETURN of Priam with the Corpse of Hector,” by VIEN, has some pretensions to pathos.—Andromache lifting her hands and eyes towards heaven is a fine and expressive figure; and Priam leaning over his dead son is equally fine.—The auxiliary Figures are tolerable, as well as the dead body.

“THE death of Darius’s Queen,” by DE LA GRENEE, is admirable in the perspective and drapery parts of the picture;—the lady is really dying:—but Alexander looks at her rather as one might suppose he would look at a pretty girl in bed, than at a Queen whose death he had anticipated.

“THE Finding of Moses,” by M. DE LA GRENEE, is nothing extraordinary, tho’ a large picture.

“THE

“THE House of Versailles,” and the “Place of Louis XV. when Messrs. CHARLES and ROBERT ascended in their Balloon,” are pretty Pictures, by MACHI.—M. ROBERT, in the stile of Mr. WRIGHT of Derby, is tolerably great.

“A VIEW of Rome on fire, through an Arch, with a Colonnade,” is a sublime scene; and has all the horrors of nature.

“PETRARCH’s Fountain of Vacluse near Avignon,” by the same hand, is not amiss.—He has also made a good picture of “the Temple of Diana at Nismes,” and “the Ruins of the Aquæduct.”

“A FISH MARKET at Rome,” and another View of it “with Itinerant Musicians,” are both good pictures.

“THE unsuccessful Prayer of Priam and Hecuba to Achilles for the Corpse of Hector,” by CALLET, is pretty well.

“MANLIUS TORQUATUS condemns his Son (a fine curl-pated youth) to death.”—The

agony of the father as well as of the son is not ill expressed by BARTHELLEMY.

VINCENT has painted the story of "Cæcinna Pætus's Attachment to Scribonius" with good expression.

MANY local Landscapes are tolerably painted by M. HUE.

THE Portraits of WANLOO, of VERNET, and several others, are tolerably painted by Madame GUIARD.

"THE Death of Priam," by RENAUD, is a large and meritorious picture.

TAILLASSON has painted "the Embassy of Ulysses and Neoptolemus to Philoctetes" very successfully.

THERE are several more pieces of this Artist, but I had not time to scrutinize their several merits.

CÆSAR WANLOO has several excellent pictures in this Exhibition—particularly "a Sybil's Temple at Tivoli"—"a Moon-light"—"a Visit to an Ancient Tomb," &c. &c.

"JUPITER

“JUPITER asleep on Mount Ida,” by LE BARBIER, seems a fine picture; but the Lady who sits by him, whether Venus, Semele, or God knows who, has a head certainly too small for her body.

“THE Last Moments of a Dying Wife,” by Mr. WILLE’s Son, has great merit:—the expression of the Wife, recommending to an agonized Husband the care of three Children, and an aged Father and Mother leaning over her bed—in short every Figure is interesting, and seems a picture more immediately painted from the heart than any in the whole collection.

THERE are two or three more pieces of this Artist well worth notice, particularly “a Female Rescue.”

BARDEN’S “Extreme Unction,” and some more Religious Pieces seemed to be admired; but my dissent means little—I just write as I feel.

“ANIMALS driving to a Fair,” by DE MARNE, is comical enough.—His “Views in Switzerland,” &c. are very well.

“THE

“THE Plague of Milan,” by LE MONNIER, is a capital picture.

THESE pictures are mostly as large as life, are well varnished, and placed in splendid frames :—there are many others which I cannot remember ; and of these, I fear a forenoon’s view was too little to form any criticisms to be much credited.

THE Miniatures were not so numerous as in our Exhibitions—but very pretty, very smooth, and no doubt very like :—On the whole, however, I do not think them equal to ours.

THE Statues (allowing for the looseness of French Drapery) are masterly, and possess a boldness and character which I think far superior to their Paintings.—Some of the best stand in the open air ; and all persons are admitted to view them as well as the Paintings without question or fee.

“PASCAL, sitting,” full-length, with a Geometrical Sketch in his hand, and attentive to it, is a fine statue by PAJOU.

“CORNEILLE,”

"CORNEILLE," by CAFFIERE, is a characteristic statue, strong, simple, and expressive.

"VAUBAN," erect, in armour, with the insignia of his honours, and the Sketch of a Fortification in his hand, is also a noble statue—expressive of manliness and discernment—by BRIDAN.

THE KING'S Bust, by BOIZOT, is a great likeness of the Monarch.

"RACINE," by the same Sculptor, is a whole-length—masculine, expressive, and in an attitude which forcibly indicates Thought.

"THE Death of Socrates," a small whole-length, has great merit.—The drooping, nerveless limbs—the likeness, and characteristic firmness of the Philosopher, are happily hit off by M. MILOT.

DU QUESNE (after bombarding Algiers) is a Hero every inch of him, though composed only of Plaster of Paris.—This Figure has more animation in it than any other in

the Exhibition.----It was modelled by M. MONOT.

THERE are many Busts of great merit besides these, but a sketch is all I can pretend to give.

THE Company to view this Exhibition was incredibly numerous:—every one seemed pleased, though they lost hats and caps in the scuffle.

THOUGH I have thrust myself into every croud which has come in my way, I have not so much as lost a pocket-handkerchief, or had the least advantage taken of my curiosity, or ignorance in the language. I stare at every thing without reserve, yet no one singles me out as a subject to practise his finesse upon.—Would to God I could say as much for London!—We have, however, been watched and followed by Spies, several times; and I am not sure that there is not *one* appointed to keep an eye upon all our motions, for I see his face in all parts of the town.—

But

But as we are "good men and true, and not
"come to spy out the nakedness of the land,"
we have the utmost confidence in the Police,
and thrust our noses into all places that afford
matter for curiosity.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 31.

THE King's Library surrounds a large
Square.—It is an astonishing Collection of
Books, Manuscripts, Prints, and Drawings.
The Books are placed only on one side of
each room, and are said to be above two hun-
dred thousand—they are all of the best edi-
tions, superbly bound, and there are many
English.

WE saw many Books of Prints, and Draw-
ings in Natural History; emblazoned Mis-
sals, &c. but of the last nothing equal to one
on Vellum in the Cathedral at Rouen: this
is, with Notes to Psalms, and portions of
Scripture, the most beautifully-painted in
miniature of any thing sacred or prophane
I ever beheld!

BUT

BUT of all the curiosities of this astonishing Library, nothing struck me so much as a Pair of Globes of TWELVE FEET in Diameter each.—They occupy a lower and an upper story in the building, and are galleried round, for the convenience of seeing their upper sides. Their Geography is very imperfect, being made in the reign of Louis XIV. above one hundred years ago.

THERE is also in the Library an emblematical Parnassus of rock, with bronze Worthies at different heights upon it, and a Pegasus starting from its top, all of exquisite workmanship.

IN our way home we called at the Church of the Assumption, a Convent of Nuns, and saw one of the Sisterhood in her Veil.—This Church is a Dome about the size of that of our Pantheon, and a strong Grate gives a view of that part of the Church where the Nuns attend Mass.—We also called at another in Rue de l'Arbre, near the Louvre (where the Massacre of St. Bartholomew began); a beautiful

beautiful Gothick Fane, as large as many of our Cathedrals, with very perfect stained-glass Windows, and four fine bronze Figures round the High Altar.

BUT we have taken our leave of the Churches and Convents of this Priest-ridden City, by a visit to the Chartreux Friars of Rue d'Enfer, or, I suppose, what we should call "the Devil's Street."—We found these *Religieuse* at their daily service in their Church. They sat in Stalls like our Prebendaries, and we went through the ceremonies of the day as to kneeling, standing, bowing to the Altar, &c. like the Monks.

THIS very rigid sect are but one remove from the most rigid of all, viz. those of La Trappe in Normandy, who never speak!—They are dressed in coarse white woollen gowns, with a caul, or capuchin, of the same cloth, and all in one garment, with a peak like a jelly-bag sticking out horizontally behind. Their heads are shaven, and they seem all very old.

OUR

OUR friend M—— being acquainted with one of them, we entered his Cell ; a small, clean, and comfortable wainscot room, with his little bed in a small recess, decorated with Crucifixes and Beads. He had a small garden full of grapes and peaches, which hung so much across the window of his Cell as to make it rather dark. This venerable old man reminded me of the Priest Termofiris, in “Telemachus.”—He recommended temperance and vegetable diet to us, but did not enforce his doctrine by offering us any of his grapes or peaches.—He seemed to look on us with an eye of superiority, though for a Monk his behaviour was polite and attentive.

WE then walked through the Cloister (which incloses at least four acres of ground), and which forms the communication with each of their Cells :—it is all very plain, and very like what many of the Monastic Ruins we have in England have been.

WE saw the Purveyor put an egg in at a little door which he unlocked at every Cell ;
and

and every thing was so quiet that I could not believe myself to be in a large city.

PHILOSOPHICAL reasons may, I think, be drawn from Human Nature how this monstrous Hierarchy has rose to its present enormity in Roman Catholic Countries ; but I have neither time nor inclination to waste paper on a subject which will neither reform the delinquents, nor relieve those that are oppressed by them. Custom and habit reconcile human nature to all conditions ; and human happiness is wisely placed beyond the grasp of human systems. To make the Multitude the slaves of the Few, is the degeneracy into which all Institutions, Civil and Religious, universally fall ; but habit so assimilates our ideas to our condition, that in time we are apt to bless the very rod by which we are beaten ; and I am convinced that no reformation in either Church or State can take place in this country but by the enlightening spirit of Philosophy and Enquiry ;—spirits which are gone forth in this Country, and may in time produce something.

COMPANIES and associations are dangerous to a Government degenerated from its proper end, viz. THE GOOD OF THE PEOPLE. Men moulded into what such a Government would deem good subjects, must live with their neighbours in outward friendship and inward jealousy. It is the business of such a State to make one man a spy upon another—to annihilate those romantic ties of disinterested friendship which was formerly so liable to make men act in bodies. Insurrection can never take place where men dare not trust one another. Even thieves and murderers are tempted to betray their associates; and informers are secretly rewarded.—Thus can the laws execute themselves; and though the moral principles of the People are destroyed by it, the Bastile, Gibbets, a Cart-wheel, Wild Horses, and Absolution, become a State Balance on the Creditor-side of the Account.

THE kindly overflowings and tender emanations of the heart Fashion has made ridiculous, and in their place has substituted a mechanic politeness. It is a Court Jest, when

when the cool Impostor triumphs over unsuspecting openness of heart; by which means a repulsion keeps every subject asunder, and crushes RESISTANCE to Court Mandates in the embryo. The People therefore in Paris do not meet together to mingle the feelings of uninstructed hearts, to reciprocate the happiness or misery of a neighbour—to lend and receive the mild offices of good-will and good-nature—No; they meet to practise the attitudes taught them by the Dancing-master,—to utter the mechanic routine of compliment and scandal—the bon mot of the day—and to enquire with warmth after those for whom they have neither friendship nor cordiality.

CONVERSATION thus modelled becomes a profession—a calling;—no one dares to step out of its rules;—and thus are the People taught to talk as well as to act in battalia.—The lie of the day gently wards off personality—matter of fact—local enquiry—and parries the prying eye that would peep behind the curtain of a man's reserve.—Every one seems to value himself upon his cleverness in keep-

ing up a conversation in which neither information, advantage, wit, nor reciprocity are objects. To talk for an hour together with great warmth, pomp, and plausibility, about nothing—and to expatiate on twenty different subjects in the same minute!—this oblivious dispersion of mind seems to be cherished by Arbitrary Potentates, because it disqualifies their Subjects from thinking to any effect on State matters.

By way of Farewell to this City, I this morning rose early, crossed myself in Notre Dame, admired once more the beautiful Picture of the “Wisemen burning their Books before Paul,” and then ascended the Hills on the north side of the Town, where I had a complete view of it, and of all the Country round.—Paris is certainly two-thirds as large as London, and, I presume, must contain more than two-thirds of inhabitants. The Strata of this Hill, like all I have seen in France, lies horizontal: the top is gravel and earth; the next, limestone, but soft; then clay to a great depth; then stone
fit

fit for buildings.—The Hill is very rough by so many excavations, but has Vineyards and Gardens all over its top and sides, tho' not very luxuriant.

ON my return home I was once more tempted into a Church.—It was a fine Dome, and belonged to a Nunnery.—Not a mortal was to be seen in it, but I heard a female voice, performing divine service behind a large Grate covered with a Curtain, that moved my very heart and reins!—It was a monotony so sweet!—so full of devotion and resignation!—that I thought it the voice of an Angel aspiring to Heaven, but which had had some difficulty to get disengaged from Earth. I sat down on the steps of an Altar and wept!

OUR Passport is obtained, and I wish to visit Old England as soon as possible; for last night I had a knocking at my door, and heard a strange whistling in the Court, which alarmed both myself and the whole house; and am informed that the Officers of the Police came about one o'clock, and took a fellow-lodger

out of his bed, put him into a coach, and carried him off without speaking a word.—So much for FRENCH LAWS !!

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2.

SET off from Paris on our way home in a Cabriolet and four—We called at St. Denis, to see the King's Regalia in its Abbey-church, and the Tombs of the Kings of France, as this is their grand mausoleum.

THE Church itself is a great curiosity—Gothic, and in the best stile of that species of Architecture.—It is a Cross, as most of the Churches are in this country, with two beautiful Spire-Steeples.—But what constitutes its greatest beauty is the *perfect* stained-glass Windows of the whole Church :—not a Square but is part of a Saint, a Legend, or a Scriptural Story.—The Tombs are all alike—a number of Kings, Princes, and Princesses, all flat on their backs in white polished marble.—MARSHAL TURENNE has a few supporting Virtues indeed, and he thrashes the ENGLISH most piteously in Basso Relievo.—This day happened

happened to be that appointed for the benefit of the poor souls of Louis XIV. and XV. An elevated appearance of two Coffins was covered with black velvet embroidered with Crowns and Fleurs-de-Lis under canopies of the same, and most of the Chancel was hung in the same stile.

BUT the greatest curiosity here is the Regalia.—The number of Crowns and Scepters—of Croffes and Relicks! would take a volume to describe them!—A piece of the real Crofs—a Nail by which Christ was fastened to it—several bones of Saints, &c. are all contained in Cases of Gold, of the most exquisite workmanship.—Bishops' busts (with Mitres stuck with precious stones) hold the cases in which many of those relicks are contained. The Crowns with which the late and present Kings were crowned are of most curious workmanship, and full of Diamonds, Topazes, Emeralds, &c. of uncommon size and lustre.—The Dress of the present King at his Coronation is also hung up in the Regalia, and consists of a kind of Banyan, over which is a Mantle as big as a Counterpane, of purple
Q4 velvet,

velvet, embroidered all over with Fleurs-de-Lis.—The Sword of CHARLEMAGNE, kissed by the King at his Coronation, is shewn as a great curiosity. But no idea can be given of the numerous articles of this Regalia:—the honest Monk, however, shook his head, and repeated the word TRADITION while he shewed the Relicks.

AT our next Post we called to see a finely-situated Castle of the PRINCE DE CONDE, but which seemed to be deserted and out of repair.

WE are obliged to pay for five horses every Post, though we employ but three, and to pay for a Post though it may not be above three miles;—and all this is according to LAW!—Besides, the COUNT D'ARTOIS is on the road to or from Chantilly, and all the horses on the road are commanded for him and his train.

ARRIVE at Chantilly through long avenues of trees.—A stately residence indeed!—The Post-house was close to the magnificent Stables, which deservedly are one of the wonders

wonders of this superb place.—The Grand Stable contains two hundred and forty horses, and another one hundred and fifty. The front of the *Grand Ecurie* is in the center, circular, with the Fleurs-de-Lis as a pediment, surrounded with Trophies, Horses, &c. One Wing is the end of the Grand Stable, the other the Gate of the Town. The side of this superb Stable must be above two hundred yards long, and is of proportional height, though but of one story; so that the inside of the Stable is about as high as ten horses standing on the backs of one another!

—The Stalls are on both sides of the Stable, and in the middle is a Fountain, with the statues of several Horses as large as life drinking at it. In the large area before this Fountain, and within the Stable, the Prince and his friends frequently dine.—The horses seemed fatter, and of a better make than those of Versailles; though, like them, they were feeding upon straw.

—THE Side View of this equestrian edifice has a grand look.—From the Cupola in the middle arises a large Pegasus, and three busts

busts of Wild Horses decorate the top of each door.

THE Castle is a triangle, whose longest side contains twenty-five windows in a line. Each angle is strengthened by a round Tower, ending in a fine Cupola; and an Iron Gallery runs round the whole Castle. The Inner Court is small, yet from it runs a Staircase of vast magnitude;—but we saw little of the inside, and that nothing extraordinary.

THIS vast edifice stands in a large basin of water, and may be perfectly insulated by its draw-bridges in a few minutes. This pond is stored with Carp of monstrous size, and many scaleless and grey with age. If a crust of bread be thrown amongst them, they fall upon it like so many hungry dogs, tumbling over one another, and afford excellent diversion.—Water indeed is one of the great beauties, or (some might say) great *Bores* of CHANTILLY; for we meet it in one shape or other which way soever we go.—From the House may be seen at different places in the Gardens at least twenty Jet-d'eaux of

of about ten or twelve feet rise, and brass Heads of various and fantastic shapes spouting out water.—Under the Grand Garden Staircase are two colossal River-Gods, who from their Urns supply water for half a dozen Cascades of great beauty.—The Ponds are in all regular shapes, viz. round, square, polygonic, and many very long;—but everything in a French Garden is made up of regularity.

THE Trees are all planted and shaven into straight lines—or twisted round Lattice-Arbours.—Vistas longer than the eye can see run radiantly from the Castle through the neighbouring Parks and Woods, and every road is a straight line, with tall trees on each side.

THE COUNT D'ARTOIS being at this delicious Seat at the time of our visit was a lucky circumstance, though no one durst let us have horses while there was the least probability of his return; however, this could not be called the Seat of Captivity, while we had these charming Gardens to stroll

stroll in without reserve, and we did most assuredly make good use of our time, feet, and eyes.

WHAT is called the ENGLISH GARDEN, both here and at Versailles, is nothing but a few serpentine walks, with here and there a Fountain or Piece of Water; but at Chantilly there is a Village in imitation of English Cottages, a Mill, &c. Now, as entertainment for the COUNT, a Fête Champêtre was to be the very night we happened to be there in the English Garden. — Twenty thousand lamps were thus disposed, viz. They stood by the sides of the Walks and Ponds—they were hung in Festoons among the Trees—they were placed very artfully under Cascades and Fountains, that their light might be seen through the Water—they were in open places fixed on upright poles decorated with Vine-leaves;—and what produced the most enchanting effect was, lamps hung in boats on the serpentine canals—these moving in the Wood, and their light seen glimmering through the Trees, was a perpetual *ignis fatuus*;—and had more of the Arabian Nights

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Entertainment in it than any scene I ever beheld.

ABOUT ten o'clock the PRINCE and the COUNT, with a vast croud of Ladies and Gentlemen, came into the Garden. Their approach was announced by a beautiful Fire-work, and several Bands of Music that struck up in different parts of the Wood, which was now in a blaze of light.—The scene was brilliant and diversified beyond description!—It was Fairy ground realized! heightened by the sweet echo of music issuing from every quarter.

THE company moved towards the English Cottages, where in one of them a scene opened so perfectly like the Wood, that it was impossible to believe it was under cover.—The boughs of trees formed the frames for the glass Windows; so that leaves being painted on the glass, and enlightened from without, it was to all appearance a wood, though now it became an Assembly-room for Cotillons.

FEW chose to press themselves into this Cottage; so we walked about, saw the Mill going

going, Dairy-maids milking and churning butter, with many other rural exercises.

PRESENTLY we were alarmed with the firing of guns in another quarter, and a light, as if the Wood was all on fire. Rockets and Serpents flew in all directions, and the noise put me in mind of the disenchantment of DULCINEA!—Here, torrents of fire!—there, a mile off, Volcanos belching out molten ores, and throwing up red-hot stones!—in short, the scene became too terrific to be considered as amusement:—but it gradually subsided, and its noise melted down into sweet music, which ended the evening.

NEXT day the COUNT D'ARTOIS left the Castle of Chantilly, with a gorgeous retinue, and kindly took none of our landlord's cattle in it; so we got horses, and left this paradise with much regret.

WE rode several miles through long straight avenues (Pheasants and Partridges scarcely moving out of our way as we passed them), and a Forest of six miles in diameter, before we

we quitted the Prince of Conde's estate. Through this Forest we saw straight Vista's cut for miles—I suppose as glades for catching game.

Our Posts were all along through a well-cultivated country—a thin soil indeed, but kindly.—Under it was limestone, but no grass or meadow :—all the provender for cows or horses is the cultivated grasses.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3.

LAY at PERRON—an old town, surrounded by water, which washes its walls, and it has the remains of bastions and outworks in the water.—The walls are a Parade or Walk.—We also passed another Fortrefs, less, but more strong than Perron, called BAPPAUME, with brick ramparts in perfect repair.

DINED at ARRAS, a very strong place ;—the ditches very deep and dry, but capable of being filled with water in a few hours.—The Churches are numerous and very handsome.—We saw the shrine which held the
sacred

sacred Manna; and the Royal Abbey, a building almost equal to our Somerset-House.

ALL our road was through avenues of Lime and Elm trees—paved very well in the middle, and room for two carriages abreast on each side of the pavement.—We were a few hours too late to spend much time in DOUAY :—however, we visited two or three beautiful Churches and the English College, where Mr. GIBSON the Superior, our countryman, received us with much cordiality, and shewed us the Library, the Schools, the Lodging-room, and Church, of a seemingly well-regulated seminary of education for young English, Scotch, and Irish Roman Catholics.—We had only time just to peep at the Fortifications, as we passed the north and south gates ; but they seem very strong, though many of the outworks are out of repair.

WE were a few minutes too late—the Gates of LISLE were shut !—and we might as well have reasoned with Cerberus as the surly centinel.—There was utter silence all around us, and no alternative but to take up our abode at a small house in a neighbouring

ing Village.—We tumbled ourselves and baggage into a small room filled with filthy beds, and did penance in our clothes till five next morning, when we shook the bugs and fleas from them, mounted our Carriage, and surprised the City of Lisle while its Garrison and Inhabitants were fast asleep.

WELL may this city be called LITTLE PARIS!—It is a regular fortress, of surprizing strength, and great extent. It stands on a dead plain, surrounded by water, and out-works at least a mile round:—but as there is at present a little shyness between the two Courts, we found it had pervaded the Garrison, who civilly admonished us not to be over-minute in our observations.—We got a peep here and there, however, sufficient to give us an idea of its immense strength.

THE Churches and Public Buildings are very magnificent—the streets straight lines, and the houses all carved stone.—We saw a Crucifixion by RUBENS, very fine, in the bare-footed Recollets Church; and then pursued our way through straight Vistas, and an inclosed, rich, clay country.—The Wo-

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men

men grow handfomer and fatter; and the Men are more like Dutch than French, each with a short pipe in his mouth. Dress also differs. The Women wear about three yards of black stuff, just as it is cut from the web, round their heads, and as a cloak,---much like what one sees on Monuments in England of the last Century.

WE dined at CASSEL, said to be the highest, and almost the only Hill in Flanders. ---The Prospect is very extensive on all sides, but not fine.---We saw Dunkirk, Ypres, Lille, Douay, Bethune, Calais---nay, they say, above thirty fortified towns may be seen from this eminence, and sometimes the Cliffs of Dover.---We saw the Shrine of a Lord of Flanders in a Church of his own building, which appears to me of greater antiquity than any we have seen in France.---We then descended the hill, and arrived at ST. OMER'S.

ON our approach we overtook some thousands of well-dressed people, who had been at a Country Fête, and were returning with
much

much glee in their countenances.---We entered this ancient Fortrefs through crooked ways, gates, and draw-bridges, as ufual.

VERY unwell all day, from fatigue and a bowel-complaint.---Slept ill.

MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 5.

UP early,---and took a general furvey of the town, which bears ftrong marks of antiquity.---Brick now becomes the grand material of building, except the Churches, which are ftill of fine white hewn ftone.

THE Cathedral of St. Omer's is a Gothic ftructure, of great fize, with a remarkably thick Tower, containing a great number of large and very little Bells. The east end is coved, as ufual in all the Churches we have feen, and inclofes a highly-finished Choir; in the center of which, on a beautiful Altar, ftands the filver Shrine which contains the relicks of ST. OMER.---This elegant repository is as big as a large-fized trunk; its archi-

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tefture

ecture is the richest Gothic ; and in various circular recesses are represented the various Miracles and Adventures of the Saint in basso relievo.---Round its sides and at each end are Candlesticks of silver, with several Branches of more taste in design and execution than of any thing in metal I have seen in France.---Under this Shrine, and within the Altar on which it stands, we saw through a glass two other Saints encased in embossed silver.

THERE is a Picture in this Church said to be by RUBENS, very much the same as his " Taking down from the Cross," at Antwerp.---The Picture is certainly a very fine one, and much in RUBENS' manner, but I do not think it his.

THE various Paintings, Sculptures, private Chapels, &c. in this Church would take up a volume in the description ; but I should not omit the large and elegant Clock, which shews the Hour, the Day of the Month, and the Sun and Moon's places in the Ecliptic :—nor indeed the Bust and Mitre of ST. OMER
in

in silver, stuck full of precious stones of immense value.

THIS day was the Fête of St. Bertin, so we hastened to the Church dedicated to him, and saw a Procession of the Bishop and Clergy to the Altar, where High Mass was performed with great solemnity. This Church seems as large and beautiful as the Cathedral, and both have the largest and most elegantly-fronted Organs I ever saw: from this of St. Bertin we were entertained, in the most solemn parts of the Mass, with Jigs much in the stile of *Malbrook*.—Indeed, tho' we have entered every Church that has come in our way, I never heard an Organ played in the character of the instrument, but always like a Harpsichord.

THE Bells of this Church take in several Octaves, so that we heard pieces of music of three parts played upon them, with a deep Bell as a kind of Ground Bass; and the effect was really charming!—The Performer made shakes upon these Bells almost as quick as a performer on a Piano Forte.

THIS place also swarms with Soldiers, who made a full stop whenever we took a peep at the Fortifications.---As we did not choose to be affronted by them, our curiosity was not much gratified by the works of COEHORN or VAUBAN, in any of the fortresses we have passed.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6.

ARRIVED safe last night at Mons. DESSEIN's at CALAIS.---Saw the Citadel and Outworks---but could not recognize the White Cliffs of Albion.

CALAIS looks much like our sea-port fishing-towns, though the Inn in which we are now sojourning is by far the best we have seen in France----I might almost say of England too, for it affords one hundred and fifty Beds, and incloses two Squares, the side of one of which is a very smart little Theatre.

OUR one-eyed Landlord (made immortal by STERNE) seems a mighty good-natured and accommodating fellow.—Our Supper and
Wines

Wines were excellent----Beds clean, and Waiters attentive.---But the Wind is too high for sailing.---We have been on the Pier, and were almost blown from it.---Met near an hundred Women bare-footed and bare-legged, and with petticoats reaching half-way down the thigh, each with a small basket full of sand-worms,---The Pier runs down the Sands near a mile, and is well-constructed of strong timber, with the interstices filled up with large stones.

WE recognized the Gate which HOGARTH made the scene of his "Roast Beef of Old England," and the place where one of our EDWARDS made the Magistrates beg their lives with halters about their necks.

WENT to see the Tide flow over the Sands;---it followed me almost as fast as I could walk.---The wind was so high, that a torrent of sand struck my hands and face like pins, and powdered me all over as white as the beach.---It was really curious to see the sand fly in such quantities as to hide the surface of the wet sand; and the Hills of Sand

Sand all along the Beach seemed as if a thick smoke was issuing from them. The wind carried such quantities of them up into the atmosphere, that it is astonishing to me they are not blown all away :---but there is a kind of strong, tall, and coarse grass that grows on those hills, with exceedingly fibrous, long, and branching roots, which interweaving themselves among the sand holds it together, and retains that which is blown upon the hills from the sea-sands in dry and hot weather, so that I suppose they must often shift, but never diminish.

ON my return home I saw the Garrison march and perform their exercise in the Square.---Really, a French Soldier is not that contemptible animal we are taught to believe him---I never saw a Regiment of better-looking Soldiers in England.---They wore White, were remarkably clean, and Whiskers really gave them a most threatening look.---I did not much admire their accoutrements. Their Muskets are heavy and ill-made---the Bayonet screws on, and the Cartridge-box is twice as heavy as it need be.

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The Officers were very numerous in comparison of the Rank and File---genteel young men---and seemed very attentive to the duty they were upon.---Their White Regimentals and White Cockades I think very becoming and genteel.

It blows a hurricane!—A flate fell close to me!—No failing this tide---no one dare venture, though the wind is fair for Dover or the Downs---but there is too much of it.

Just now attacked by a begging bare-footed Monk.---I thought of STERNE's little Horn-box, and gave him a few sous.---The Society has degenerated, or my Friar was an impostor; for on giving him a glass of wine, we found afterwards that he had stolen the Glass!

WEDNESDAY,

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7.

SAILED on board the CARTERET PACKET this day at two, and arrived at DOVER (with about twenty other passengers, all very sick) about eight.

SUBMITTED to the usual Impositions, of the most scandalous kind, for landing us and our baggage; for Examination at the Custom-house; for Bribery and Corruption to prevent a few bagatelles being seized---as well as for Supper, Lodging, and Chaise, at sixteen-pence per mile!---O Lord! O Lord! defend me from Bathing-places and Sea-ports, as well as the Sharks and Cormorants with which they abound!

I AM, however, happily released from the reproaches of my stomach by a cold buttock of beef, and a draught of fine Ale;---for indeed it has been at enmity and in a state of warfare with French food ever since I landed on the Gallic shore.—Sometimes it remonstrated with me in
“thunder,

thunder, which translated into plain English might run thus:---“ Why will you perplex
“ me with Slip-flops ?----Your Soups and
“ Ragouts I cannot away with ! Have not
“ I been the slave of your appetite above fifty
“ yeas ? and duly arranged the many heterogeneous loads you have laid on my
“ shoulders ?—Is not everything in my department in due order ? Do not then disturb the œconomy of my distributions
“ with Frogs and Fritters, Sallads and Soup
“ à-la-Reine ; Partridges smothered in cabbage ; porcupin’d Veal, and Fowls à-la-braize.—Beef and Pudding for me !”

T H E E N D.

thunder, which translated into plain English
might run thus:---“Why will you perplex
me with Ship-flops?---Your Soups and
Ragouts I cannot away with! Have not
I been the slave of your appetite above fifty
years? and daily arranged the many he-
terogeneous foals you have laid on my
shoulders?---Is not everything in my dis-
tribution? Do not then di-
sturb me with your Salads and Soup-
sauce, and your Fowl and Pigeons in cap-
sage; porcupine’s Quills, and Fowl’s a-la-
paille---Beef and Brooding for me!”



THE END.

